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Rocky's the One

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Parliaments – *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

TV: Fair or Foul? – *Steve Knoll*

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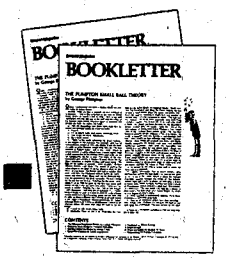

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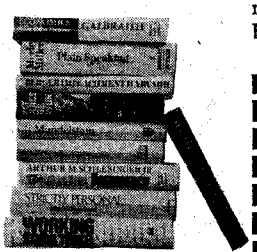

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TRB

from Washington
August 31, 1974

Toward Apartheid

Jerry Ford shows encouraging signs of diminishing parochialism and increasing liberalism. He attacked wiretapping, criticized GM for price hikes (but without any follow-up), faced down Veterans of Foreign Wars for modified amnesty, and picked Rocky for Vice President, the best of the lot. He still has a monolithic crew of Wall Street types advising him on the economy. And he has given no signal yet on what he will do about America's Number One built-in problem—race.

The race problem is simple—one American in 10 is black, and racial isolation is growing. What is happening, according to a two-year, 72-page paper-covered report by the US Commission on Civil Rights, *Equal Opportunity in Suburbia*, is that American central cities are growing more black, and American suburbs are growing more white. Central cities tend to decay; suburbs to flourish. This trend can't last, short of absolute apartheid, yet the forces of racial polarization are self-generating and the problem won't solve itself. It is the most serious social problem of the United States. Black cities are surrounded by a white noose, and people will fight before they are strangled.

"This economic-racial exclusion may well be called the racism of the '70s," says the report. (The commission will send you a copy free. Address: 1121 Vermont Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20425.)

Black concentration in central cities is the result of two things, race and low income, and the two feed on each other. Median white family income in 1969 was $10,000 and black families $6000. Suburbs don't like poor people, black or white, because they don't spend much and send up the tax rates.

Zoning restrictions often keep them out. Early in the century a lot measuring 60 by 100 feet was considered ample for a detached, single-family house, and row houses took less space. But the commission noted that in four modern suburbs into whose neighborhood factories had moved lots were zoned for an acre or more. Blacks could fill the blue-collar jobs but couldn't chase them outside the cities.

"You can't get no transportation," said a worker. Communities plan it that way; exclusionary land use practices are widespread, the commission finds. Housing discrimination is illegal under the Fair Housing Act of 1968. But the Civil Rights Division of the US Department of Justice has only 25 lawyers to police the nation; how silly can you get. Baltimore County's Human Relations Commission is typical of local enforcement; its budget was only $12,743 in 1970! Platitudinous fair-housing ordinances without teeth are the rule. Congress looks the other way, too; it approves rent supplement housing to get low-income families out of the slums but the commission notes that it allows communities to veto their use.

It's often a nice system for suburban commuters. Those city taxes, with all the poor people and the industries moving out, are terrible! People who live in the neatly lawned parasitical suburbs benefit from the city police, fire and sanitation departments and the cultural institutions, but often escape the taxes. Sometimes limited-access highways lead comfortably across the ghetto: "Look down, daddy," says the child in the air conditioned car, "how dark the streets are."

How long can this racial partition of the nation last? The number of whites in central cities is down to 40 percent and at the present rate will be only 25 percent by the year 2000, the commission estimates. Black unemployment is normally double white; for teenage blacks it is seven times heavier. If the US heads into recession with really high unemployment, there could be riots. The crime rate increase that Nixon jubilantly told the nation in his 1972 State of the Union message he had halted ("The 17-year rise in crime has been stopped; we can confidently say today that we are finally beginning to win the war against crime") is accelerating faster than ever. Unemployed teenagers are chief offenders.

One reason blacks are poor is poor schools. Cities bear the burden of educating large numbers of disadvantaged children, often from a low property tax base. The Supreme Court in March 1973 (San Antonio school district) ruled five to four that states need not correct inherent educational inequities between rich suburbs and poor cities, because education is not a "fundamental" right guaranteed by the Constitution. All four Nixon appointees were in the majority. Last June the Supreme Court, five to four (*Bradley* v. *Milliken*), ruled out a metropolitan solution for black concentration (67 percent) of Detroit's schools by mingling them with the school population of the entire metropolis (blacks 23 percent). All four Nixon appointees again in the majority. (Thank God dissenter William O. Douglas, 75, has survived a Nixon replacement.)

The commission notes that half of the 15 largest cities in the nation already have majority nonwhite public school enrollment, and it implies that the others will soon, too. The only way to eliminate predominantly black schools, it says, is by a metropolitan solution, but it wrote this before the Supreme Court ruled that out, at least in Michigan, Mr. Ford's home state.

Twenty years ago the Warren Court unanimously wiped out "separate but equal" segregated schools and gave social justice a momentum that lasted through two administrations. Lyndon Johnson spurred forward voting rights and civil rights. The momentum ended alas with Richard Nixon. So now we have a new day, and residential desegregation may be Jerry Ford's test.

The commission has positive proposals. One is, simply, that the law be enforced. The Justice Department and HUD are lethargic: "The commission has found that neither department has enforced these laws vigorously or effectively." Nixon didn't want to offend the South; maybe straightforward President Ford will see it differently. The commission wants to end exclusionary zoning and housing laws. It says, hopefully, that "white acceptance of interracial living has been growing" where it can be practiced. Racial isolation "in which most Americans live," it says, "creates suspicion and fear" which heightens "feelings of racism."

Or, as Justice Thurgood Marshall wrote in his dissent in the Detroit school case, "Unless our children begin to learn together, there is little hope that our people will ever learn to live together."

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Contents

'-10 Comment
Rocky's the One, The Shape of Amnesty, Taxing Ways and Means, The Cost of Costa Rica
10 Justifying Diego Garcia: Whom Do You Trust—*Warren Unna*
11 On Israel's East—*David Pryce-Jones*
13 Parliamentary Government—*Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*
16 TV: Fair or Foul?—*Steve Knoll*
18 The Scrolls—*Woody Allen*
20 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
21 Books—Reviews by *Catharine R. Stimpson, Joseph Featherstone, Celia Betsky, John Alfred Avant, Peter Wolfe, J. D. O'Hara, Lewis Stein*
28 Theater—*Edward Zwick*
34 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*

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Rocky's The One

The speculation over who would be Mr. Ford's choice as Vice President began and ended with Nelson Rockefeller. In the 11 days that it took the new President to consult his advisers and members of his party and come to a decision, virtually every other comer in the Republican party, and perhaps even a woman, a black and a Democrat or two, became a contender for the job, at least in the newspapers. A right-wing plot to tar Rockefeller with the Watergate brush failed to knock him out of contention, and in the end it all came back to Rocky. He was the obvious right choice. Many people thought the man four times elected governor of New York would replace the fallen Spiro Agnew last fall. It didn't happen that way then because former President Nixon, on the advice of Melvin Laird, preferred Jerry Ford, the loyal team player from Michigan. It didn't hurt Rockefeller's prospects that when the number two job became vacant on Ford's ascendance this month, Rockefeller was the candidate of Mr. Laird, not to mention James Reston and William Shannon of *The New York Times* and the editorial page of *The Washington Post*. Rockefeller is many things that Ford is not, an Eastern blue-blood product of the Ivy League (Mr. Ford *did* go to Yale law school), rich as Rockefeller, well fixed socially, experienced in foreign affairs, well known and admired abroad, at home with intellectuals and people of talent, and an experienced administrator. If ballast is what Mr. Ford was looking for in a Vice President, Rockefeller certainly has the most to offer. He is the polar opposite of the California plumbers and fixers Mr. Nixon had around him. Assuming Rockefeller is confirmed, for the first time in a decade there will be someone at the pinnacle of government who knows the intellectual establishment from the inside and who understands how to tap talent. It is no accident that the only holdover from the Nixon administration with any stature—Henry Kissinger—came to Nixon through Rockefeller, who recognized his ability and sought his advice more than 15 years ago. As Vice President, Rockefeller may be the new ambassador from the East, repairing lines of communication with the universities ostentatiously cut by former Vice President Spiro Agnew.

Conservatives and liberals alike have reasons for distrusting Rockefeller, however, the former for what he did before 1970 and the latter for what he's done since. Though he holds the unmatched record of having been elected to four consecutive terms as governor of New York, Rocky has never won his party's nomination for President;

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he explained this succinctly himself several years ago on NBC's "Meet the Press": "I have been a progressive, innovative governor in New York and let's face it, some of the Republican party organizations nationwide have a different point of view." As governor he presided during the most difficult years for city and state governments, a time when local taxes climbed rapidly, but not as rapidly as increasing welfare, medicaid, mass transit and drug treatment expenses. The budget exploded under his administration. He is credited with having built the state's university system and greatly improved the highways. He has been an activist and a reformer, and some members of his party have never forgiven him for it. Shunted aside in 1960 for Richard Nixon, he came back in 1964 to be hooted and booed out of San Francisco's Cow Palace. The delegates preferred Barry Goldwater. It was at this juncture that Rockefeller warned the convention that the party was drifting away from the "mainstream of American politics," and in a stroke cut himself off from a lot of mainstream Republicans. In 1968 he hemmed and hawed and botched his entry into the race so badly that he never made up for his indecisiveness in time to overtake Nixon before the convention vote.

In recent years Rocky has made new enemies by veering to the right, critics on the left say, to keep ahead of the backlash developing in New York. The shift wouldn't have been taken seriously had it been purely cosmetic. But it wasn't. In 1971 the new Rocky proposed, and later signed, a bill to restrict welfare benefits to people who'd lived in the state for a year or more and to create a special office to catch chiselers, headed by a "Welfare Inspector General." (Eleven years earlier he'd vetoed a similar bill because the state "has steadfastly maintained its humane policy of erecting no residency ban as a requirement for public assistance.") As an encore the governor proposed a law requiring all welfare recipients to accept make-work jobs if they couldn't find private employment. Then came the punitive Rockefeller drug law, moving against the tide of reform, treating drug offenders not as part of a diseased society but as dangerous criminals to be crushed with the full force of law. Originally his bill required judges to mete out the death penalty to people convicted as pushers; this was modified to life in prison.

The grimmest example of the new Rocky came to light following the September 1971 inmate rebellion at the state prison in Attica, NY. As governor, Rockefeller gave final assent to the battle plan in which 200 heavily armed state troopers tried to subdue a larger number of unarmed prisoners and hostages. Forty-three people were killed and about 200 injured. Rockefeller turned away all requests that he personally go to the scene and attempt to forestall disaster. The day of the bloodbath Rockefeller—obviously repeating what prison officials had told him—muttered about "outside forces" and the "highly organized revolutionary tactics of the militants." He praised the police for "restraint, skill and courage." Though the governor later discounted his reference to "outside forces," he never conceded that he might have handled the affair better if he had gone to see the events at first hand.

None of these political warts is likely to keep Rockefeller from becoming the 41st Vice President. Congress isn't eager to delve into such thorny issues. At this writing Congress has not decided how to proceed with the confirmation. Some on the Hill like Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and House Majority Leader Tip O'Neill say Rockefeller will be speedily processed; others say his approval will take at least as long as Jerry Ford's—two months. All that's clear today is that Rocky won't go through without a tough initiation rite. An FBI investigation has already begun, Rocky will soon have to appear in public hearings and probably he will be asked to disclose more about his personal finances than he would like. Rockefeller has never said much about his wealth; the most an aide would divulge in a session some time ago with the New York press was that Rocky's tax bill had never been less than seven figures in any of the last 30 years. When the subject came up at a White House briefing the day of his nomination, Rockefeller got into an angry contretemps with reporters and refused to talk. He said simply that he would do whatever Congress required of him: "I assume that is putting [my assets] into trust." A reporter chided him for being "a little less than open with us." There is no way for Rocky to divert himself completely of his interests without sending a shudder through the economy, but he will be required to do something for the sake of appearance, and his privacy will be invaded without mercy, and probably more than is necessary to protect the public interest.

President Ford made the right choice; most who have spoken against it are ideological conservatives. Rocky was best qualified both by his administrative skill and his considerable experience in foreign affairs. His appointment should reassure American allies, particularly in Europe, Japan and Israel, that internationalists still have a place in the American government. The question is not whether Rocky can fill the job well, but whether he may fill it too well, eclipsing his mentor. He is a shrewd and enormously ambitious man with a natural impulse to take control. The press has said he is too old at 66 ever to aspire to running the country, but Rocky may not think so. One of Mr. Ford's difficult tasks in the months ahead will be to define the Vice President's role in such a way that it will employ his talent without making this a Rockefeller administration. Jerry Ford must have considered this, and it's a measure of his self-confidence that he asked Rocky to join the ticket.

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The Shape of Amnesty

President Ford's unexpected statement to the Veterans of Foreign Wars that he is considering amnesty for draft dodgers and deserters is an appropriate way to launch an administration dedicated to national reconciliation. Nearly 20 months after the end of US involvement in the Vietnam war, the nation had not yet begun to face the issue. Thousands of young men have served time in federal prison or left the US or gone underground, and hundreds of thousands more have less-than-honorable discharges as permanent emblems of their resistance. Their crime was that they came to feel earlier than the majority of Americans that we had no business in Vietnam and, as individuals, resisted participation. Although Mr. Ford vigorously supported the war, it was not his war. He is well positioned to recant former President Nixon's "never" stance on amnesty and to fashion public opinion as only a President can do.

Mr. Ford's remarks outline a new direction, not an articulated plan, and it is not clear what exact shape amnesty will take. Presumably it might follow the lines of the bill written by Sen. Robert Taft (R, Ohio), which would allow draft resisters to return if they agree to serve time either in the military or some alternative agency like the Peace Corps. The President, it should be stressed, rejects "unconditional blanket amnesty," declaring that "I want them to come home, if they want to work their way back." Rep. Bella Abzug (D, NY) who has introduced universal amnesty legislation, was nevertheless "very pleased" with the President's statement and hoped his cabinet-level review will persuade him that her approach is the only really fair one.

The President must confront two basic questions about amnesty: whom will it affect and what strings are to be attached? Mr. Ford referred to "50,000 of our countrymen convicted, charged, under investigation or still sought" for "offenses loosely described as desertion and draft dodging." In fact there are more than 50,000 men in these categories; there were over 500,000 Vietnam-era deserters alone. The President may have meant to speak only of those who fled the country to evade the draft. But as Ed Sowders, coordinator of Safe Return, a pro-amnesty group, noted, that would not include the bulk of the war resisters. What about the more than 500,000 with bad discharges, some of them related to acts of conscience and many not? Or the more than 9000 who have gone to prison? Or the 5000 still being prosecuted? Should those who fled the country benefit while those who couldn't escape or didn't resist induction continue to be stigmatized?

Nearly as important as equity of treatment is the attitude with which leniency is granted. Mr. Ford spoke of the resisters as people "who committed the supreme folly of shirking their duty at the expense of others." An amnesty ought to convey more respect for the conscientious positions of many of the resisters, else it will fail. Sowders thinks that no more than 20 percent of the exiles would come back if conditions are placed on their return.

Taxing Ways and Means

In an effort to disprove the charge that the House Ways and Means Committee has jurisdiction over so many areas that it cannot act expeditiously—and responsibly—on the matters in its domain, the committee has been "working harder than ever," according to Rep. Charles A. Vanik, a veteran committee member. The tax reform bill of 1974 is one of the major pieces of legislation undertaken by Ways and Means to prove that it can handle its duties. The bill, however, manages to contain provisions that worry the business community and disappoint reform organizations at the same time. One critic said that the committee's approach was "designed to draw blood, but not very much from any one donor." Another argues that the bill contains very little reform at all. The legislation fails to wipe out tax shelters, to tax capital gains at death, to tax income from state and local bonds, to reform estate and gift taxes or to end the major tax abuses of multinational corporations. Furthermore it grants only modest relief to individual taxpayers, relief that grows as a taxpayer's income grows.

The tentative contents of the tax reform bill will likely be further diluted when the committee reconvenes on September 11 for final review of the legislation. Moreover those who suggested earlier this summer that the committee was just going through the motions of reforming the tax code knowing a tax bill had no chance of passing a House preoccupied with the business of impeachment now have other reasons to explain why it will probably go nowhere. Even if the bill is finally drafted and sent to the House for a vote, it could languish there when the House breaks on October 1 to free members to return home for electioneering. Furthermore Chairman Wilbur Mills, they claim, might abandon the bill to put all of his effort behind the compromise national health insurance scheme he has also been shepherding.

President Ford's concern for inflation and the effects of the woeful economy in many quarters make this an auspicious time to consider an equitable tax reform bill. At least one economist, John Kenneth Galbraith, postulates that the health of the economy could be restored by cuts in spending and tax changes. It appears now that the present Ways and Means bill would strengthen the personal economies of the wealthiest taxpayers, instead of strengthening the sagging economy of the nation. If the committee cannot help the

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country back to economic health, then perhaps Rep. Bolling's Select Committee on Committees was right to attack its fiefdom, when it recommended that the House pare down Ways and Means responsibilities to a manageable size. The Democratic Committee on Organization chaired by Rep. Hansen has reviewed the Bolling proposals and its concurrence requires Ways and Means to establish at least four new subcommittees.

The Cost of Costa Rica

The Watergate scandals were not just the failures of one President, his White House staff and a handful of servile bureaucrats. Abuses proliferated in part because of the inability of Congress to exercise the aggressive oversight function intended to keep these two naturally conflicting branches in balance. The rustication of Richard Nixon does not guarantee that House and Senate committees will now begin to do their duty. Information developed over the past six months by the Senate Watergate and House Judiciary Committees indicates that a number of corrective actions still need to be pursued. What follows is just one of several examples. Walter Pincus will discuss others next week.

On March 13, 1973—before the Watergate cover-up collapsed—Dr. Ruth Farkas testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that a $300,000 contribution to the Nixon reelection committee, made in the winter of 1972-73, "had absolutely nothing to do with whether I was getting an ambassadorship or not. . . ." Rather Mrs. Farkas told the senators who were looking into her qualifications to be ambassador to Luxembourg, the contribution by her and her husband "was promised quite a good bit before the [1973] inauguration. In fact when President Nixon said that he was going to China and Moscow . . . we felt that being we were very pleased with this action we wanted to help keep President Nixon in the White House as leader of our country. . . ." The senators accepted that story and approved her nomination.

When Herbert Kalmbach, Mr. Nixon's former personal lawyer and fund-raiser, testified under oath before the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry this past July, he told a substantially different story than that related by Mrs. Farkas. Kalmbach testified he was called in July or August 1971 by White House aide Peter Flanigan, who at the time handled ambassadorships. According to Kalmbach, "Peter said, 'Herb we would like to have you contact a Dr. Ruth Farkas in New York. She is interested in giving $250,000 for Costa Rica.' " Kalmbach went on to say he was told a meeting would be arranged for him with Mrs. Farkas. A luncheon did take place, Kalmbach testified, in early August 1971 at the Regency Hotel in New York. At that time, again according to Kalmbach, Mrs. Farkas said "words to the following effect: she said, 'you know well, I am interested in Europe, I think and isn't $250,000 an awful lot of money for Costa Rica?' " That lunch was the last Kalmbach saw of Mrs. Farkas though he listed her as a prospective donor of $250,000 in the campaign fund records he turned over to the Nixon committee in February 1972.

What happens now with this testimony and Ambassador Farkas? The Foreign Relations Committee may have been misled, even lied to. Does the committee reopen the matter? It seems like a small thing but involved is the integrity not just of one committee but the whole legislative oversight practice. The conflict in stories between Ambassador Farkas and Kalmbach should be resolved. If the latter's story holds up, at the least Mrs. Farkas' resignation, which should have been offered *pro forma* to the new President along with all other ambassadors', should be accepted.

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Whom Do You Trust?

Justifying Diego Garcia

Something has gone wrong with the administration's game plan for Diego Garcia. CIA Director William Colby broke ranks and qualified the arguments of the Pentagon—particularly those of the recently retired chief of naval operations, Adm. Elmo Zumwalt—which sought to justify the need for America's first Indian Ocean naval and air base because the Russians either already were around, or certain to come.

In presenting the case before Congress, Adm. Zumwalt and Adm. Thomas Moorer, recently retired chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had marched up to the Hill with those trustworthy old persuaders, the large-scale maps heavily rouged in red to dramatize the Soviet areas of penetration. But Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri, who gained x-ray military vision as President Truman's Secretary of the Air Force and who uniquely straddles seats on both the Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees, had doubts. He summoned Colby to testify before allowing his Senate military construction subcommittee to proceed on the navy's request for $29 million for the initial expansion of the Diego Garcia project. And since only two fellow senators showed up to listen, Symington persuaded Colby that it would be in the public interest for him to sanitize his testimony and permit as much as pos-

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sible to be printed in the *Congressional Record.*

In contrast to the admirals' red maps of the Indian Ocean area, Colby had his own way of dramatizing:

Socotra, in the Chagos Archipelago: "A bare island. There is almost nothing there except for a small garrison from South Yemen . . . The only air strip is an old World War II air strip which is really not feasible for modern operations."

Berbera, in Somalia: "A small installation which will handle two or three ships . . . They [the Soviets] have been building an airstrip there for about a year, but have not gotten very far."

Mogadiscio, Somalia's capital: "The area within the breakwater is somewhat shallow water . . . There is an airfield about 30 or 40 miles northwest . . . which they [the Soviets] have been gradually building up a little bit. But there is not much progress on that either."

Umm Qasr, in Iraq: "The so-called port is about four, five or six buildings here, a place where you can anchor. It is a little complicated to get through the delta down to the [Persian] Gulf. The Iraqis appear to be a little bit restrictive as to the degree to which they will allow the Soviets free use of this particular port."

Aden: "The Soviets have not used it very much. They have not done much more than port visits there . . . [The airfield has] a short runway, not big enough to handle the TU-16s and larger aircraft."

Singapore: "The Soviets have bunkered there. Singapore sells to whoever happens to go by."

Mauritius: "Port Louis is a very good port. It is not all that highly developed . . . They have sold bunkering to the Soviets."

Adm. Zumwalt, testifying before the House Foreign Affairs Near East and South Asia subcommittee on March 20, almost four months before Colby, used different binoculars.

Socotra: A Soviet "fleet anchorage" and an airfield which "provides a potential Soviet base for reconnaissance or other aircraft."

Berbera: A Soviet "communications station . . . a restricted area . . . combined barracks and repair ship and housing for Soviet military dependents."

Mogadiscio: The Soviets are building "a new military airfield . . . which could be used for a variety of missions."

Umm Qasr: Soviet-assisted facilities "considerably more extensive than any which would be required for Iraqi needs alone."

Aden: Extended Soviet "port facilities [and] air facilities which are used for refueling, replenishment and minor repairs."

Singapore and Mauritius: Places where "the Soviets have recently secured bunkering rights."

Summarizing, the CIA director testified: "Our assessment is that you will see a gradual increase in Soviet presence in the Indian Ocean area, that if there is some particular American increase, that the Soviets will increase that gradually to match any substantial additional American involvement . . ."

Sen. Symington then asked: "You expect the Soviet presence in the Indian Ocean to continue to grow regardless of what we do, but that it will grow faster if we start developing Diego Garcia?"

Colby: "I think that is true, yes sir."

Until now the House has gone along with the Pentagon's desire to build up Diego Garcia, but the Senate has shown some hesitation. Senate concurrence now may hinge on how many senators find time to read their *Congressional Record* of August 1.

Warren Unna

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The Palestinian Arabs

On Israel's East

Palestine. Capital, Jerusalem. Population, one million. This state comprising the so-called West Bank formerly incorporated into the Kingdom of Jordan, together with the Gaza Strip, was created in 1975, after resolutions to that effect had been passed unanimously by the delegations attending the Geneva Conference. Principal exports, agricultural products. Official currency . . .

Well, would the Palestinian currency be the Israeli pound or the Jordanian *dinar,* or both, or the Arafat *ruble?* Will there be a national airline and a central bank, those prime status symbols of new countries? Will there be members of a parliament meeting perhaps in the crusader hall of the Haram as-Sharif, a police force, a permanent delegation to the United Nations, ambassadors?

A world that has witnessed such contrivances as the Polish corridor or divided Berlin—not to mention such fresher examples as independent Noumea—may be prepared to believe that a state of Palestine on the West Bank is another proof of human ingenuity in a tight corner. Where there's a will there's a way. And after all the United Nations *did* vote for such a thing in 1947. Since the Six Day War it has become an article of faith among the kind of intellectuals who like to order other people's lives for them that such a state, a whole state, and nothing but such a state, can satisfy the legitimate rights of the Palestinians.

In their view Israel has no claim to the West Bank. Jordan's claim was in the first place gained, and later lost, by force of arms. Properly Palestinians, the West Bankers are being granted no more than the home they possess already. Expressed like this, the idea of some sort of independent Palestinian entity has the advantage of tidiness, which is perhaps why so many professors have committed their names, if not their

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reputations, to its sponsorship.

Resistance to the proposal is to be found among the Palestinians now living in Jordan who are at least as numerous as those on the West Bank, and constitute more than half of Jordan—Jordan being of course also part of historic Palestine. But in contemporary theory, a national home not in Jordan is the essential prerequisite to a decent life for these people. Perhaps as many as 200,000 of them have a genuine right to be allowed back immediately to the West Bank or to the Gaza Strip, if only to the refugee camps from which they fled so wretchedly in 1967. They could then indeed become citizens of a diminutive Palestine. The majority of the Palestinians in Jordan, though, are either refugees from what has become Israel, or more likely now, their children and grandchildren.

Their hopes still lie with King Hussein who alone among Arab rulers integrated refugees into his country. These Palestinians supported him and not the guerrillas in the civil war of 1970, as they do now. Nor have the guerrillas forgotten that fact, which explains why they no longer go through the motions of recruiting a mass movement, but cast about instead in any foreign capital willing to receive a delegation. Generating power spontaneously is not the same as being handed it on a plate.

The West Bankers themselves might have been expected to show more enthusiasm for becoming masters in their own house. They are in the disagreeably unique position of being able to compare life under a Jordanian military governor to life under an Israeli military governor. The thought occurs that life under a Palestinian military governor appointed by the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) will prove no happier. Better the king you know than the commissar you don't.

Critics of the Israelis interject at this point that it has been a deliberate political act on the part of the present occupying authorities to deport from the West Bank any person of consequence who might have led an opposition movement, thus short-sightedly stifling the few progressive elements that are now needed for cooperation. In his time King Hussein had had trouble from the Dr. Dallals and Rushdi Shahins of the Communist party who were among the first to be expelled by the Israelis. To their number has lately been added the mayor of El-Bireh, Abdul Jawad Salah, and Dr. Walid Kamhawi (to be appointed, significantly, to the Palestine Liberation Organization National Executive as one of three West Bank representatives) and the lawyer Mohsin Abu Mezer—a clean sweep by the Israelis, in short, of Communists, Socialists and radical Baathists of every stripe.

Whether all or some of these men were in league with guerrilla organizations in Beirut, or whether they were agitators or careerists or idealists, is a matter not to be settled without more facts being available. What is beyond dispute is the firmness with which the traditional Palestinian establishment on the West Bank sits in the saddle, thanks partly—but only partly—to the Israelis. Nothing within the West Bank now challenges the position of the old ruling groups, the Tuqan and Abdul Hadi and El-Alami families, the Nusseibehs and Khalidis. Under the British Mandate a certain number of *nouveaux-riches* rose through the bureaucracy or through business, and their social and financial hold has been stabilized as never before.

In the age-old approved manner, notables of this kind have done themselves a good turn while they could, holding onto their civic offices as mayors and profiting from the local economic boom, which has nothing to do with being a quisling or a collaborator. They have always suspected that behind their backs King Hussein and Israel might do a deal, and they would therefore wake up one morning and find that the King was driving in triumph back across the Allenby Bridge. To try to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare has been brought to a very fine and necessary art on the West Bank. The penalties of making a mistake might be very severe, and indefinitely delayed, which is just as bad. The practical effect is that no popular basis for asserting national rights exists. Leadership, personal initiative, the qualities that might allow a sudden development of public life, are lacking.

I have been present on more than one occasion when Sheikh Ali Ja'abari, mayor of Hebron, and the leading local despot with the superb style of a storybook Islamic grandee, has been asked if he favors a Palestinian entity of any sort on the West Bank. His usual answer is obscure and couched in metaphors, but his long, hooded stare expresses an amazement that Allah in his wisdom permits so many pestering fools to come to Hebron. And how much more true is this in Gaza, where there is no public life at all, not so much as a marketing cooperative or a football team, nothing between the leading families and the potentially explosive mob in the *souks* or the camps.

Whoever is to rule on the West Bank has to come to terms with the dignitaries, with Sheikh Ali Ja'abari and his kind, including his son-in-law Anwar Khatib, once governor of Jerusalem and still King Hussein's representative there. It may be argued that *force majeure* at Geneva will oblige King Hussein to drop those who have remained loyal to him. By the same token the Israelis may be pressured into more disengagement, to use the euphemism for pulling out. In which case we shall see a power struggle directly between the conservative establishment actually on the West Bank and the scarcely more representative PLO that will at last be rushing in for the available spoils, or if diplomatic language is to be observed, for their legitimate rights.

Put to this horrible test, the old ruling classes might vanish. Perhaps nobody would be persuaded to take

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up the struggle on their behalf, and they themselves might simply prefer to seek shelter in the comfortable villas of Lebanon, which the PLO leaders would have just vacated. If Yasser Arafat and the PLO were to succeed in eliminating this opposition on their right, they would still have to deal with the hardier ideologists on their left, the Popular Front of George Habash, and the splinter groups under Naif Hawatmeh and Ahmed Jibril. Since these rivals already shoot each other over possession of landrovers and sentry posts in Beirut, how much further will they go when the entire West Bank and Gaza is at stake?

Before formal talks have begun, the Israeli government has made clear it will not be prepared to withdraw at all if the West Bank is to become a base for two-way irredenta, against Jordan and Israel alike. One state and one state only is to be countenanced to the east of Israel, and it is referred to as Jordanian-Palestinian, a convenient shorthand. The Arabs may work the meaning of that out for themselves, so long as fighting on the score takes place a good way off. However vague, this solution at least does not perpetuate the artificial division of the Palestinian Arabs in two countries over both sides of the Jordan River. American policy apparently is in agreement, for the time being at any rate.

No other solution takes account of the security of Israel and Jordan. In the last resort a Palestinian state on the West Bank, a little nut between two tight crackers, would, moreover, be a standing temptation to outside interference. The divergent interests of the main separate blocs of Palestinians—the PLO, the West Bankers and the East Bankers—are too easily played off against one another in the classic ploys of divide-and-rule.

Suppose for a moment that the fantasy of the opening paragraph has come true and Palestinians *are* ruling in Jerusalem. If this administration consists exclusively of West Bankers, then the PLO will use all available methods to overthrow it. Terrorism has led both Israel and Jordan in the past to resort to arms. Neither country wants to have a permanent police problem with the Palestinian organization, any more than the disgruntled Lebanese do. An external government alone can give the PLO the requisite leverage in arms and finance to move it toward its aims. This means Russia.

Until lately the main Palestinian organizations had shown skill at avoiding subordination to Russia, and the Russians had seen larger fish in the sea. Dr. Kissinger's extraordinary successes in Egypt and Syria have more than ever isolated Palestinian extremists. They have virtually no expectations from Arab backers; they have nowhere to turn but inward against themselves, or to Moscow, whose larger fish are in other waters. If the Russians and the PLO together go for their version of Palestinian statehood, then nothing will be salvaged at Geneva, and ordinary Palestinians will be helpless to help themselves, as usual.

David Pryce-Jones

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No Way to Curb the Executive

Parliamentary Government

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The New Republic's TRB is a superb observer of affairs in Washington. I turn to him first of all when I open the magazine, read him with care and delight, deeply admire his felicity of phrase and penetrating flick of analysis and freely confess my debt to him for the insistence with which through the years he has compelled all of us to reflect on the structure of our political system. I have only one reservation. That is the way in which this astute, skeptical, sardonic surgeon of American politics suddenly turns into a hopeless romantic when he contemplates the supposed advantages of the parliamentary system.

TRB sees the separation of powers as a primary source of our troubles. He favors the unification of power, as he finds it in England and Canada, on the

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ground that it redresses the balance of power between the legislative and the executive. "With a parliamentary system like Canada's," he told us recently (July 20), "the United States could have dealt with Watergate two months after it was discovered."

I submit that this is a 180 degree misunderstanding of the advantages of the parliamentary system. I will waive for the purposes of this discussion the fact, as it seems to me, that given the nature of American political tradition, the parliamentary system is an unrealistic alternative. Centralized and disciplined parties, with primaries abolished, mavericks frowned upon, independent voting forbidden, are against the genius of the American party system. The parliamentary alternative would be unreal enough if the party system were working. At a time when the parties can hardly keep afloat in the turbulent sea of voter independence, the idea of making them more commanding and cohesive than ever before in American history is an exercise in political fantasy.

But let us assume for a moment that a full-scale break to parliamentarianism were possible. Is there any reason to suppose it would be desirable? The admiration for the Anglo-Canadian model derives, it seems to me, from a profound misconception of the parliamentary system. Take the question, for example, of the vote of confidence. The parliamentarists write as if this were the routine procedure by which one British administration gives way to another. In fact the loss of a vote of confidence has not overthrown a British government for half a century, and in that case (1924) it was a minority Labour government whose tenure in office depended on Liberal support. The last time the loss of a vote of confidence overthrew a government commanding a majority in the House of Commons was nearly a century ago in 1885. Since the vote of confidence system was not really established until 1841, the device at best did not have a very long run as a direct agency of change.

It has had, of course, a potent indirect effect. The threat of a no-confidence vote has brought about changes in Prime Ministers, as after Narvik in 1940 and after Suez in 1956. This was done by reshuffling people inside the government, not by going to the electorate and eliciting a fresh mandate. It would be as if the Republican congressional party, seeing that Mr. Nixon was in difficulty and fearing the loss of a vote of confidence, had decided to replace him with Melvin Laird or Elliot Richardson. Such substitution at the top would be impossible under the present American Constitution, which means that the no-confidence vote cannot have the indirect effect in the United States it has occasionally had in Britain.

But suppose we go all the way and introduce the ideas of dissolution into the American political order. Suppose a constitutional amendment gave Congress or the President the power to dissolve the government—both the presidency and the Congress—and call for new elections. The question is: would this strengthen the executive or the legislative? The British example leaves no doubt about the answer. The power of dissolution would play into the hands of the executive. For once legislators have to face the electorate themselves, they will not be likely to force no-confidence votes. Presidents would be able to use the threat of new elections to keep rebellious legislators in line—a development that, as Samuel H. Beer, the leading American student of British political institutions, has observed, "might well shift the balance of power even further to the side of the Executive. That has certainly been the story in Britain."

And should legislators decide to vote no confidence at whatever risk to themselves, they would gain the dangerous power, which they do not have under the impeachment clause, to dismiss Presidents on grounds of disagreement over policy. One has only to reflect what might have happened, for example, when John Adams was resisting congressional agitation for war with France or during the explosion of congressional wrath after Truman fired MacArthur. Yet in retrospect those two doughty Presidents never had finer hours. One cannot suppose that Congress will always be wiser than Presidents on policy questions. Conceivably the Founding Fathers were right in not wishing to make it too easy for Congress to get rid of Presidents.

It might well be true that an incident like Watergate would have forced out a British Prime Minister long ago. But that does not mean that Parliament and the electorate would know what had been going on. As Woodrow Wyatt, a former member of Parliament and author of *Turn Again, Westminster*, a bracing new book on British government, has written, "Don't think a Watergate couldn't happen here. You just wouldn't hear about it." The Suez crisis, for example, produced a change in Prime Ministers but no parliamentary inquiry nor public enlightenment about how the decision to go to war came about or what went wrong. The Suez cover-up was still going on nearly 20 years later. The parliamentary system lends itself most efficiently to cover-ups.

The romanticism of parliamentarists has to be checked against the realism of parliamentarians. Consider the question hour. It must be said that the notion

COMING: Anne Hollander explores what's happened to fashion—and a lot has—in the last 10 years

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of compelling a President to defend his policies in face-to-face confrontation with the opposition strikes an American as a useful step in the secularization of the presidency. But, as it has worked out in the House of Commons, it has become, in Wyatt's view, a "useless privilege," a "charade," a "fake instrument of democracy," "a Punch and Judy show"; "when a Minister has something to hide, Question Time has little hope of dragging it into the open." Given congressional obsequiousness toward Presidents, one doubts whether question hour would be much more effective in the United States.

The illusion of the parliamentarists is that Parliament controls the executive. The exact opposite is closer to the truth. Churchill made the point forcibly to Roosevelt in a wartime conversation. "You, Mr. President," Churchill said, "are concerned to what extent you can act without the approval of Congress. You don't worry about your Cabinet. On the other hand, I never worry about Parliament, but I continuously have to consult and have the support of my Cabinet." The Prime Minister appoints people to office without worrying about parliamentary confirmation, concludes treaties without worrying about parliamentary ratification, declares war without obtaining parliamentary assent, is safe from parliamentary investigation and in many respects has inherited the authority that once belonged to absolute monarchs. Congress, pusillanimous as it often is, is far more independent of the head of government, far more open to a diversity of ideas, far more capable of affecting executive policies, far better staffed and paid and far more disposed to check, balance, challenge and investigate the executive branch than Parliament. As Wyatt wrote in the first sentence of his book, "Parliament governs in no more than a formal sense."

While American parliamentarists look with envy at Parliament, British parliamentarians—some at least—look with envy at Congress and with particular envy on the congressional system of standing committees with professional staffs. Apart from the Public Accounts Committee, the committees of the House of Commons have little impact. Even the Public Accounts Committee is empowered only to comment on past expenditure; it cannot, like congressional committees, criticize next year's budget. "There has never been a time," Wyatt writes, "when so little effective supervision has been exercised over governments as it is today."

A strong committee system on the American style has simply been excluded by the British commitment to the union of the executive and legislative branches. Indeed nothing, Wyatt argues, has been more fatal to parliamentary influence than the principle of the fusion of powers. Confining the selection of ministers to Parliament drastically restricts the pool of talent available to government. It substitutes an irrelevant standard—facility in debate—for a relevant standard—ability in policy and administration—as the prerequisite for appointment. Worst of all, it creates "a conspiracy of common interest" to keep the executive strong and the legislative weak; for about two-thirds of the membership of the House of Commons either have been or yearn to be ministers and thereby find it in their personal interest to depress the influence of the individual MP and exalt that of the executive. "The presence of the Prime Minister, Ministers and the machinery of party discipline in the House of Commons results in its members being prisoners in their own House."

While American parliamentarists praise the centralized and disciplined parties of England, Wyatt contends that centralization and discipline have reduced the individual member of Parliament to a nonentity. The ordinary backbencher "may be the greatest orator since Demosthenes, the finest administrator since Pericles, the shrewdest judge of men since Napoleon. It will be all to no avail." Wyatt would therefore end designation of candidates by the party organization and institute a system of open primaries. He would give Parliament a fixed term. And while American parliamentarists condemn the separation of powers as a mischievous and obsolete principle, Wyatt argues with great cogency that the separation of powers is what Parliament needs more than anything else if it is to recover a serious role in the British political order. The Founding Fathers, Wyatt writes, thought that if the government were selected from Congress, the executive would infallibly dominate the legislature. (They did not think this, but no matter.) "If it were to remain a democratic force in its own right, the Founding Fathers foresaw that Congress . . . must be independent of and separate from the President's government." The way to give Parliament a serious role, Wyatt concludes, is to introduce the separation of powers into England and divorce Westminster from Whitehall.

In short as Parliament may look better from the United States, so Congress may look better from England. There is a tendency in each country to play the defects of its own legislative body against the charms of the one across the seas. No one can doubt that, craven as Congress may be, it is far more recalcitrant than Parliament—if recalcitrance is what one wants in legislative institutions. For its part Parliament has marked superiority in the promptness and efficiency with which it delivers legislation. But this, of course, is a function of weakness, not of strength. It flows precisely from the fact that under the parliamentary system the executive dominates the legislature. As a means of making the executive stronger, the parliamentary model has claims on attention. But as a means of containing an imperial executive—which is the presumed objective of the post-Watergate reformers in the United States—the full parliamentary solution is absurd.

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Can TV Call a Spade a Spade?

Fair or Foul?

by Steve Knoll

The success of old-fashioned print journalism in exposing Watergate and its associated scandals has shamed the network news establishment into allocating new funds, manpower and air time for investigative reporting. That's good news, but I wonder how much encouragement the networks will get from the Federal Communications Commission. I raise the question, having in mind what happened to an NBC News documentary entitled "Pensions: The Broken Promise," broadcast in September 1972. That program managed rather successfully to portray the inadequacies of many private pension plans, and it managed just as successfully to get NBC in trouble with the FCC, which wields the sword of Damocles known as licensing authority. (As Clay Whitehead, the departing director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, once said in one of his more inspired moments, "The main value of the sword of Damocles is that it hangs, not that it drops.")

The FCC found merit in a complaint filed by Accuracy in Media—a nonprofit, self-appointed "media monitor" of predominantly right-wing complexion—that NBC had violated the Fairness Doctrine by pinpointing the defects of many private pension plans and not allocating sufficient time to those who feel that some other plans as currently administered are all right. The FCC did not dispute the truthfulness of the documentary's conclusion that on the whole the private pension situation is "deplorable." But the Fairness Doctrine has nothing to do with truth; it simply requires that if a broadcaster presents one side of what is deemed "a controversial issue of public importance," he must—at the same time or at some other time—present the other side. There are many within the industry who feel that this seemingly innocuous requirement, when enforced by the government on a case-by-case and complaint-by-complaint basis, inhibits the networks from engaging in vigorous investigative reporting, or at least threatens to do so unless the requirement is modified (as it may be as a result of NBC's court appeal of the FCC ruling on "Pensions").

Unhappily for the Fairness Doctrine, the truth is not always, or even usually, equidistant from opposite poles. It if were, the requirements of the doctrine might not be so menacing to tough investigative reporting by TV. Jay McMullen of CBS, an outstanding news producer, once observed that in an investigative documentary, one doesn't merely report that X says blue and Y says green: "You nail down what it really is, and you know when you do that, you will be attacked." The question becomes, "What is the climate in which you'll be attacked? Is it a climate that favors investigative journalism or not? Is it a climate in which various groups are looking for an excuse to throttle you?"

The FCC ordered NBC to balance what it considered the one-sided presentation of "Pensions" with a broadcast of opposing views. Now this requirement could have been met without too much difficulty by giving the Accuracy in Media people some time on the "Today" show. After all, why shouldn't NBC "balance" its documentary? The answer is, first of all, that by so doing NBC would implicitly admit a defect in the original presentation where—in its opinion and that of many others—no such defect existed (the program won a prestigious Peabody award for exemplary investigative journalism on the same day the FCC staff ruling was issued). Moreover, it would be establishing a precedent by which hard-hitting documentaries would have to be "balanced" by other programming material that could contradict their conclusions.

It would indeed be useful for television to develop the equivalent of a "letters to the editor" department where airing of other views on "Pensions" might be appropriate. But note that the FCC did not rule that "Pensions: The Broken Promise" was biased, only that it was one-sided (admittedly an elusive distinction). NBC in effect argues that the abuses documented were real, that there is no "other side" to them, hence the program's subject was not a "controversial issue" that should trigger the Fairness Doctrine. The FCC maintains that the program embraced the entire private pension system along with proposed legislation to regulate it, and therefore the Fairness Doctrine requirement of "rough balance" does apply.

Traditionally the FCC has not been strict in applying "rough balance," so why pick on "Pensions"? The answer, in essence, is that NBC did something unusual—it broadcast an investigative report on a subject that had not previously received significant coverage on television, and had the gumption to tell the FCC it had no specific plans to cover the subject again except, in the journalistic vernacular, "as developments warrant." While the Fairness Doctrine does not call for self-can-

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celling balance within a single program, in effect it does just that when the program reflects a broadcaster's *total* coverage of a "controversial issue of public importance."

Thus, in practical application, the doctrine applies with particular force to documentaries that explore issues previously unexplored, as opposed to documentaries on "soft" (non-controversial) subjects or well-trod themes. If the FCC "Pensions" ruling is upheld, it is almost inconceivable that NBC (and other networks) will continue producing strong documentaries that come to conclusions, dumping the balancing material in the "Today" show or its equivalent. The requirement for "balance" will be met in the original broadcast ("on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other-hand"), and television journalism's adversary thrust will be further blunted. In reviewing the constitutionality of the FCC decision, the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit will in effect decide whether television news is merely an even-handed conveyor of the views of others, a sounding board for partisans and advocates on every side of an issue, or whether it can also do probing journalism in the tradition of the printed media.

Government-administered "fairness" has already forced the network's corporate lawyer to assume a role in the formulation—and review—of editorial judgments he is not qualified to make, and in most cases, does not want to make. It has also fostered subliminal restraints in the minds of producers and reporters anxious to earn the approbation of their superiors. NBC News senior executive producer Reuven Frank speaks candidly of "fairness filler," material inserted in television news simply to satisfy management's sense of what will satisfy the federal standard of "rough balance." Similarly, the National News Council has noted "a tendency of network news shows to frequently place favorable and unfavorable stories about a given subject in [juxtaposition] even though the stories may not be of equal importance."

It has been argued that broadcasting, as a government-licensed press, can't and shouldn't enjoy the same First Amendment protection that is given to its print cousins. But the Communications Act was never intended to supplant the First Amendment; indeed, it includes a specific prohibition against FCC censorship, though the force of that prohibition has been eroded by FCC regulation of news content and second-guessing of editorial decisions. It is perfectly possible to retain a public interest scheme of broadcast regulation, preserving the government's role as a watchdog against monopolistic practices, while respecting "no trespass" signs at the door of the TV-radio newsroom.

In the landmark *Red Lion* decision of 1969, the Supreme Court affirmed the constitutionality of the Fairness Doctrine, specifically upholding the commission's rules on personal attack and political editorializing. The Court held that "differences in the characteristics of news media justify differences in the First Amendment standards applied to them." The scarcity of spectrum space for broadcasting was stressed as the rationale for the Fairness Doctrine and kindred obligations unique to broadcasting. The high court declared, "It is the right of the viewers and listeners, not the right of the broadcasters, which is paramount."

The *Red Lion* case chosen by broadcasters to test the constitutionality of the Fairness Doctrine must have been selected by a masochist in their ranks. A Red Lion, Pennsylvania radio station had broadcast a vehement attack on journalist Fred J. Cook by a right-wing preacher, the Rev. Billy James Hargis, and denied Cook free time to reply. Cook complained to the FCC, and the issue was joined. Any decent man's sympathies would be with Cook. But, that isn't the point: it was on the application of the personal attack rule in Cook's case—*not*, for example, on FCC editorial judgments on documentary content—that the constitutionality of the entire Fairness Doctrine came to stand or fall. In the end, it stood. But was it the final word from the courts on the matter? I hope not.

The 1969 decision did have an escape clause: ". . . if experience with the administration of these doctrines indicates that they have the net effect of reducing rather than enhancing the volume and quality of coverage, there will be time enough to reconsider the constitutional implications." The high tribunal considered such baleful results unlikely, "since if present licensees should suddenly prove timorous, the commission is not powerless to insist that they give adequate and fair attention to public issues."

Yet if NBC had never done a documentary on private pension plans, it is j conceivable that the FCC would have insisted that o ie be produced. In the summer of 1972, when the White House was dismissing Watergate as a "third-rate burglary attempt," could the FCC realistically have been expected to get on the backs of the broadcasters to dig deeper? An agency of government is not a suitable instrument to prod the media into vigilant scrutiny of official wrongdoing. Neither can it push them to expose failings in the private sector.

Although the FCC recently expanded its "Fairness and Political Broadcasting" bureaucracy to handle the mounting volume of complaints, prospects today for a "rollback" of the doctrine do seem a little bit brighter. Two years ago, when the US Court of Appeals in Washington upheld FCC action against radio station WXUR, Media, Pennsylvania, Chief Judge David Bazelon delivered a ringing dissent, taking apart the Fairness Doctrine and suggesting that "more freedom for the individual broadcaster" might "enhance, rather than retard, the public's right to a marketplace of ideas." Another member of the same court was meanwhile developing second thoughts about the doctrine, with broadcasting's laggard performance on Water-

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gate as the catalyst. Judge J. Skelly Wright asserted, "Our experience with the First Amendment has confirmed that the people's right to know—the *informing* function of the First Amendment—is its primary function."

Two members of the Supreme Court have expressed misgivings about *Red Lion*. Justice William O. Douglas, who hadn't participated in the 1969 decision, states flatly that "the Fairness Doctrine has no place in our First Amendment regime." Justice Potter Stewart, who supported *Red Lion*, now reveals he did so "with considerable doubt," and that his views in fact "closely approach those of Justice Douglas."

Dean Burch left his post as FCC chairman earlier this year after repeatedly expressing perplexity about the constitutional basis for the doctrine. And John Pettit, who as FCC general counsel defended the agency's "Pensions" ruling before the court of appeals, is on record with the view that "perhaps Justice Douglas is right" in placing broadcasters on the same First Amendment footing as print.

The FCC's present chairman, Richard E. Wiley, continues to defend applications of the doctrine on a case-by-case basis. In Wiley's view, any eventual reforms "must not preclude commission review—and perhaps even reversal—of the licensee's judgment where warranted."

The First Amendment contains the unambiguous and sweeping injunction, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of . . . the press." Today broadcast journalists wait anxiously as Congress begins to ponder whether to unmake laws that do just that, and the courts move toward decisions that will define the parameters and possibilities of investigative reporting on the air. If in the end the FCC is rebuffed, NBC will have accomplished far more than the spotlighting of inequities in pension plans by undertaking its documentary.

The Scrolls

Woody Allen

Scholars will recall that several years ago a shepherd, wandering in the Gulf of Aqaba, stumbled upon a cave containing several large clay jars and also two tickets to the ice show. Inside the jars were discovered six parchment scrolls with ancient incomprehensible writing which the shepherd, in his ignorance, sold to the museum for $750,000 apiece. Two years later the jars turned up in a pawn shop in Philadelphia. One year later the shepherd turned up in a pawn shop in Philadelphia and neither was claimed.

Archeologists originally set the date of the scrolls at 4000 BC, or just after the massacre of the Israelites by their benefactors. The writing is a mixture of Sumerian, Aramaic and Babylonian and seems to have been done by either one man over a long period of time, or several men who shared the same suit. The authenticity of the scrolls is currently in great doubt, particularly since the word Oldsmobile appears several times in the text, and the few fragments that have finally been translated deal with familiar religious themes in a more than dubious way. Still, excavationist A. H. Bauer has noted that even though the fragments seem totally fraudulent, this is probably the greatest archeological find in history with the exception of the recovery of his cufflinks from a tomb in Jerusalem. The following are the translated fragments.

One . . . And the Lord made an bet with Satan to test Job's loyalty and the Lord, for no apparent reason to Job, smote him on the head and again on the ear and pushed him into an thick sauce so as to make Job sticky and vile and then He slew a 10th part of Job's kine and Job calleth out: "Why doth thou slay my kine? Kine are hard to come by. Now I am short kine and I'm not even sure what kine are." And the Lord produced two stone tablets and snapped them closed on Job's nose. And when Job's wife saw this she wept and the Lord sent an angel of mercy who anointed her head with a polo mallet and of the 10 plagues, the Lord sent one through six, inclusive, and Job was sore and his wife angry and she rent her garment and then raised the rent but refused to paint.

And soon Job's pastures dried up and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth so he could not pronounce the word "frankincense" without getting big laughs.

And once the Lord, while wreaking havoc upon his faithful servant, came too close and Job grabbed him

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around the neck and said, "Aha! Now I got you! Why art thou giving Job a hard time, eh? Eh? Speak up!"

And the Lord said, "Er, look—that's my neck you have . . . could you let me go?"

But Job showed no mercy and said, "I was doing very well till you came along. I had myrrh and fig trees in abundance and a coat of many colors with two pairs of pants of many colors. Now look."

And the Lord spake and his voice thundered: "Must I who created heaven and earth explain my ways to thee? What hath thou created that thou doth dare question me?"

"That's no answer," Job said. "And for someone who's supposed to be omnipotent, let me tell you, 'tabernacle' has only one 'L.' " Then Job fell to his knees and cried to the Lord. "Thine is the kingdom and the power and glory. Thou hast a good job. Don't blow it."

Two . . . And Abraham awoke in the middle of the night and said to his only son, Isaac, "I have had an dream where the voice of the Lord sayeth that I must sacrifice my only son, so put your pants on." And Isaac trembled and said, "So what did you say? I mean when He brought this whole thing up?"

"What am I going to say?" Abraham said. "I'm standing there at two am in my underwear with the Creator of the Universe. Should I argue?"

"Well, did he say why he wants me sacrificed?" Isaac asked his father.

But Abraham said, "The faithful do not question. Now let's go because I have a heavy day tomorrow."

And Sarah who heard Abraham's plan grew vexed and said, "How doth thou know it was the Lord and not, say, thy friend who loveth practical jokes, for the Lord hateth practical jokes and whosoever shall pull one shall be delivered into the hands of his enemies whether they can pay the delivery charge or not." And Abraham answered, "Because I know it was the Lord. It was a deep, resonant voice, well modulated, and nobody in the desert can get a rumble in it like that."

And Sarah said, "And thou art willing to carry out this senseless act?" But Abraham told her, "Frankly yes, for to question the Lord's word is one of the worst things a person can do, particularly with the economy in the state it's in."

And so he took Isaac to a certain place and prepared to sacrifice him but at the last minute the Lord stayed Abraham's hand and said, "How could thou doest such a thing?" And Abraham said, "But thou said. . . ."

"Never mind what I said," the Lord spake. "Doth thou listen to every crazy idea that comes thy way?" And Abraham grew ashamed. "Er—not really . . . no. . . ."

"I jokingly suggest thou sacrifice Isaac and thou immediately runs out to do it."

And Abraham fell to his knees, "See, I never know when you're kidding."

And the Lord thundered, "No sense of humor. I can't believe it."

"But doth this not prove I love thee, that I was willing to donate mine only son on thy whim?"

And the Lord said, "It proves that some men will follow any order no matter how asinine as long as it comes from a resonant, well modulated voice."

And with that, the Lord bid Abraham get some rest and check with him tomorrow.

Three . . . And it came to pass that a man who sold shirts was smitten by hard times. Neither did any of his merchandise move nor did he prosper. And he prayed and said, "Lord, why hast thou left me to suffer thus? All mine enemies sell their goods except I. And it's the height of the season. My shirts are good shirts. Take a look at this rayon. I got button-downs, flare collars, nothing sells. Yet, I have kept thy commandments. Why can I not earn a living when mine younger brother cleans up in children's ready-to-wear?"

And the Lord heard the man and said, "About thy shirts. . . ."

"Yes, Lord," the man said, falling to his knees.

"Put an alligator over the pocket."

"Pardon me, Lord?"

"Just do what I'm telling you. You won't be sorry."

And the man sewed on to all his shirts a small alligator symbol and lo and behold, suddenly his merchandise moved like gangbusters and there was much rejoicing while amongst his enemies there was wailing and gnashing of teeth and one said, "The Lord is merciful. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. The problem is, I can't get up."

Laws and Proverbs:

Doing abominations is against the law, particularly if the abominations are done while wearing a lobster bib.

The lion and the calf shall lie down together but the calf won't get much sleep.

Whosoever shall not fall by the sword or by famine, shall fall by pestilence, so why bother shaving?

The wicked at heart probably know something.

Whosoever loveth wisdom is righteous but he that keepeth company with fowl is weird.

My Lord, my Lord! What hast thou done, lately?

Woody Allen

Mr. Allen *has written for television, appeared in nightclubs, written and starred in movies, and done satire for* The New Yorker. *His current movie is* Sleeper *and he's working in Paris on a new flick called* Love and Death.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Late Summer Roundup

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia (UA). Bring *me* the head of Sam Peckinpah. It needs a good checkup-and-balance job, and I'd be glad to wend it on its way. What gifts this director has, and how silly he can be. He's like a really strong fighter who swings blindly. When he happens to land, knockout *(The Wild Bunch)*. Even his near-solid blows are staggering *(Ride the High Country, The Getaway)*. But he sometimes just glances off *(Straw Dogs)*, and this time he has whiffed completely.

His basic mistake: he thinks anything that tickles his propensities will make the best use of his abilities. So if a story has lots of violence and sleaziness, off he slavers. *BMTHOAG*, as it deserves to be called, apparently enthralled him from Moment One: he collaborated on the original story with Frank Kowalski, then on the script with Gordon T. Dawson. Throughout the script, throughout everything in the picture, there's a smell of Peckinpah surrounded now by yes-men who tell him that his every burp is immortal. I seem to see them kissing their fingers at the sky when he overdoes a scene that he ought not to be doing at all.

In Mexico today the unwed daughter of a baronial landowner gets pregnant by a youth named Alfredo Garcia, and Dad offers a million pesos for Alfredo's head. The story, too wild and stupid to detail, chiefly involves a sodden American saloon pianist (Warren Oates) and his prostitute sweetheart (Isela Vega). The locale, some doughy irony about money at the end, even the use of a character name, all reflect Peckinpah's long romance with *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.

Where does self-indulgence end and rewarding idiosyncrasy begin? I can't say definitely, but neither can Peckinpah. Long episodes are sententious or tedious—a sequence with two motorcycle rapists, idyllic scenes between Oates and Vega that are played at funereal non-pace. The director evidently thought these were all nuggets. And the action sequences, where he usually can redeem himself when all else falters, are just corn, garnished with slow motion. *The Getaway* was no pinnacle, but the shoot-out in the hotel was masterly filmmaking. This picture from start to finish—and I mean starting with the title—seems the work of some ambitious moron who has been hired to make a film like Peckinpah.

California Split (Columbia). More self-indulgence from another gifted director who blows hot and cold. At least this time he blows lukewarm. Robert Altman's last two films were *The Long Goodbye* (much warmer), a mod version of Raymond Chandler, and *Thieves Like Us* (dank), a weary wobble in the *Bonnie and Clyde* vein. Now he's back in our decade, dealing with two compulsive gamblers. His method is improvisatory, his intent is exploration of theme and mood, rather than the telling of a tight story. This is fine if you are able to create other kinds of tensions and depths. *Pocket Money*, directed by a talent lesser than Altman (Stuart Rosenberg) succeeded very amiably in doing this; but it had a script by Terrence Malick with two well developed leading characters, as against the shallow clichés of Joseph Walsh here, and it had two fine actors, Paul Newman and Lee Marvin, as against Elliott Gould, a sometimes taking vaudevillian, and George Segal, fresh from his disaster in *The Terminal Man* and not lifting himself much above it. The meandering script with its irritatingly nudging performances seem to ask us to flesh out its thinness with memories of Altman's much superior *M*A*S*H*, in which Gould cavorted with the much superior Donald Sutherland. (Gould and Sutherland lately reappeared in *S*P*Y*S*, but inferior scripting, supporting actors, and direction by Irvin Kershner damped them down.)

Gould and Segal are a pair of gambling nuts. Segal has a job; Gould drifts and seduces Segal, at least pro tem, into drifting, with more time for various kinds of betting. Gould also introduces Segal to his pair of hooker girlfriends. (One long superfluous scene, which doubtless convulsed the gang in the studio, has Gould and Segal scaring off a nervous transvestite who has hired the girls for the evening.) Like Peckinpah, Altman is another *macho* director who needs to give his leading men girlfriends who are hookers. Psychologists could do something with this subject, but I hope they won't—it's too boring.

The film ambles along trying to set up an adult Huck-and-Tom escape from "straight" life, and it has some amusing scenes, but it fails: the two men are insufficiently interesting. And it tells us zero about the gambling compulsion. (I've already seen a film to be released in October, *The Gambler*, directed by Karel Reisz, which tries to do that.)

The White Dawn (Paramount). Warren Oates again. Again he's a blustery weakling, this time in the Arctic, 1896. Three stranded seamen off an American whaler (Oates, Lou Gossett and Timothy Bottoms) are befriended by an Eskimo tribe, and repay the hospitality badly—particularly Oates. Results are dire.

The script is lumpy and predictable. Bottoms, who started his career dully and who stoutly clings to his dullness, is the poetic Young Lover. Gossett is a Good Joe. Oates is Mr. Trouble. Put them in a stew of cultural conflicts, like those in Hans Ruesch's novel, *Top of the World*, and you know what's coming.

The White Dawn has three distinctions. It was shot on the farthest north location of any fiction film ever made—Baffin Island, just 1000 miles south of the North Pole. The color photography by Michael Chapman is often exquisite. And the director, Philip Kaufman, got appealing performances from some Eskimo actors. As travelogue too frequently interrupted by story, the film has mild interest.

Escape to Nowhere (Peppercorn-Wormser). A French thriller (also out in a dubbed version). A French physicist

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

Chinatown. The subject *and* the style are Hollywood '30s. Roman Polanski's *Maltese Falcon*, too aware of it and too long, but exceptional.

Claudine. Only a pleasant romantic comedy. (*Only*???) Set in Harlem. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll dispense charm charmingly.

Going Places. Outrage as linguistics. French youth of the '70s. Well made, sexy, scary, funny, valid.

The Seduction of Mimi. Mimi is a he; Lina Wertmuller, the director-writer, is Italian. Fine stylized leading performance by Giancarlo Giannini in a comic ragout of politics-crime-sex.

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Mill versus Mill

On Liberty and Liberalism by Gertrude Himmelfarb

(Knopf; $8.95)

Nineteenth-century intellectual historians are like genealogists whose job is to trace the family stock of modern consciousness. Among the most serious of them is Gertrude Himmelfarb. *On Liberty and Liberalism* is about John Stuart Mill (1806-1873) and his concept of freedom, but Himmelfarb's concern is nearly as much the twisted legacy of that concept as Mill himself. Perhaps because of that double interest, her perspicacity, energy and hard work often seem at the service of a sensibility in eloquent recoil from the culture in which it finds itself.

The structure of *On Liberty and Liberalism* is dramatic. In Part I, Himmelfarb takes on the role of court reporter. Her case is "Mill *contra* Mill." According to her metaphor, the issue of liberty—its nature, its value, its struggle against authority—is on trial. The optimistic defendant is the John Stuart Mill who published *On Liberty* in 1859. Much of Part I analyzes that text. Himmelfarb claims that its key is a single, radical paragraph:

> *The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection.*

In defiance of ordinary courtroom procedure, the prudent prosecuting attorney is also John Stuart Mill. To Himmelfarb he is the "other" Mill, the author of essays in the 1830s, of an early draft of a memorable autobiography, and of other texts after the death in 1858 of the wife whom he had adored and idealized in life and whom he had mourned lavishly in death. The "other" Mill, like Matthew Arnold, might assert that "not liberty and individuality but virtue and wisdom . . . were the proper ends of man." The "other" Mill would rate such moral goods as intellectual authority, education, nationality, allegiance and tradition as highly as he would the free, autonomous self.

In her 1962 edition of Mill, *Essays On Politics and Culture*, Himmelfarb also dramatized his life as an intellectual dichotomy, an "alteration" between Mill, "the archtype of the liberal," and the "other" Mill, "anything but the perfect liberal." Now, in order to support her theory and its accompanying rhetorical device of projecting Mill's career as an allegory with two characters in conflict, she may overread the libertarian phrases of her key paragraph. She may underread the restrictive clauses that do permit society to deal with individuals as long as "compulsion and control" are avoided, that do permit coercive interference for the sake of "self-protection." She may also insufficiently weight such balancing passages in *On Liberty* as one in the chapter, "Of Individuality, As One of the Elements of Well-Being":

> *Acts, of whatever kind, which without justifiable cause do harm to others, may be, and in the more important cases* absolutely *require to be, controlled by the unfavorable sentiments, and, when needful, by the active interference of mankind.* (Emphasis mine.)

If reasonable people were to interpret the theory of liberty here less reductively than Himmelfarb, it would be ironic. She clearly and legitimately shares a Whiggish distrust of the "application of simple formulas to complicated affairs." Indeed, she believes that *On Liberty* is weak because Mill presents some views so simplistic that the "other" Mill might have rejected them on those grounds alone. Among those views is the apparent conviction that the liberty of the English in the 1850s was under siege. Himmelfarb also distrusts certain other themes and tempers of Mill's text. Perhaps she summarizes them when she describes an essay his wife wrote: ". . . the value[ing] of the individual, the distrust of society . . . the contempt for conformity . . . eccentricity raised to the level of principle, the relativity of truth, the connection between good and error . . . [and] its posture—that of romantic rebel standing alone against the overwhelming pressure of society. . . ."

In Part II, Himmelfarb assumes a second role—that of detective. She is searching out some explanations for the arguments and perceptions she has found questionable in *On Liberty*. Pocking her prose is the phrase "it must have been" and other grammatical signs of speculation. Though her comments about the contemporary women's movement lack the accuracy one has learned to expect from her comments about the 19th century, she admits that the experiences of the last ten years may have prepared people to find her theories less bizarre than they might have once. To rationalize Mill's sense of liberty in danger, she proposes that his tract is, in great part, a plea for women's liberation. Though he fails to mention them explicitly, the oppressed and repressed that Mill is supporting are women. To see *On Liberty* as disguised feminism is to justify its "peculiarities." Himmelfarb concludes:

> *The essays on women were not, as might be thought, miniature versions of* On Liberty, *the application of* On Liberty *to a particular practical problem. Rather it would seem that* On Liberty *was the case of women writ large, the liberation of women magnified to the point where it became the liberation of all mankind.*

During his entire adult life, Mill consistently and publicly abhorred the subjection of women and fought for their equality. Why, then, is *On Liberty* written, as it were, in code? Himmelfarb offers several suggestions in answer to such an obvious question. He might, for example, have been devising a strategy to win men over to the cause of women's rights. Unhappily, her hypotheses are not wholly plausible. To accept them, one must find a convoluted and hitherto secret explanation more satisfying than a relatively plain and hitherto public one. One must also put aside such evidence to the contrary as a letter Mill wrote to his wife while he was writing *On Liberty*, which Him-

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melfarb quotes elsewhere:

> *. . . it is a growing need too, for opinion tends to encroach more on liberty, and almost all the projects of social reformers in these days are really* liberticide—*Comte, particularly so.*

Himmelfarb tends to slight what Mill did overtly say about women Her analysis of *The Subjection of Women*, which Mill published in 1869, deflects some of its force. She says, "The *most* formidable obstacle to the liberation of women, Mill found, was the weight of received opinion and custom which had so long relegated women to a subordinate position." Her comment undercuts Mill's bold theory of male psychology, his sense of how much men wanted patriarchal power at home. He wrote flatly:

> *I believe that their [women's] disabilities elsewhere are* only *clung to in order to maintain their subordination in domestic life; because the generality of the male sex cannot yet tolerate the idea of living with an equal.* (Emphasis mine.)

To rationalize the intensity of Mill's concern about women and those other thematic and emotional elements of *On Liberty* that distress her, Himmelfarb turns to a particular woman: Mill's wife, Harriet Taylor Mill. The two had met in 1830. Both were in their 20s. Mill's biographer, Michael St. John Packe, says she was "beautiful, clever, passionate, and, by her confession, a restless wife." Packe later adds that she was "very spoilt." Their passionate, if apparently chaste, romance lasted until her husband, an amiable wholesale druggist died in 1849. Two years later, they finally married.

That Harriet Taylor influenced Mill in general is common knowledge. In his *Autobiography*, for example, he calls her one impetus for his "qualified Socialism." That she influenced *On Liberty* in particular is also well known. A quality of Mill's life was his willingness to submit, apparently, to the direction of others: his father; the lover who became his wife; his stepdaughter. In language so flowery and extreme that it can serve as a paradigm of a man's tribute to his Muse, Mill praised Harriet's brilliance, supremacy and inspiring power.

Scholars debate how great that power actually was. In his 1951 edition of the Mill/Taylor correspondence, F. A. Hayek wrote cautiously:

> *I believe a careful study of his later development would show that in some degree he withdrew a little from the more advanced positions which he had taken under her influence and returned to views closer to those he had held in his youth.*

Himmelfarb is documenting and extending that comment. Scholars debate, too, how beneficial that power actually was. In her 1970 edition of the two Mills' essays about marriage, divorce and the position of women, the formidable sociologist Alice Rossi surmised that Mill scholars "unwittingly" follow a pattern. That is, they dislike attributing much to Harriet, unless "it included some tinge of sentiment or political thought the scholar disapproved of, in which case the disliked element was seen as Harriet's influence." Himmelfarb may be ornamenting that pattern. Though she believes Harriet's collaboration bent Mill, often badly, she shows her less animus than she did in 1962. Then, she said, among other things, that Harriet's mind was "mediocre" and "dogmatic." Curiously, of the nasty things said about Harriet in the 20th century, women critics have been the source of some of the nastiest.

In Part III of *On Liberty and Liberalism*, Himmelfarb may reveal how much we might lament Harriet. She plays her last role: social critic. She suggests that Mill's theory of liberty has so infiltrated our culture, for a number of reasons, that today it is "the only idea that commands general assent," our only principle of political philosophy. She ignores the possibility that the idea of equality may be almost as pervasive, except during her excursions among the feminists. Unhappily, self-styled liberals are not to be trusted. They fail to alloy liberty with other moral notions. Their knee-jerk defense of their single shred of philosophy is, at best, self-defeating. She writes, perhaps polemically:

> *Liberals have learned, at fearful cost, the lesson that absolute power corrupts absolutely. They have yet to learn that absolute liberty may also corrupt absolutely. It is a lesson that has to be learned not only for the sake of justice, virtue, community, and whatever other qualities we value in human society, but also for the sake of liberty itself . . . A populace that cannot respect principles of prudence and moderation is bound to behave so imprudently and immoderately as to violate every other principle, including the principle of liberty.*

Himmelfarb's liberal is self-contradictory as well. Marring his practices and preachments is a "severe disjunction." He claims liberty in cultural, moral and social spheres. Yet baying like a hound after another fox Mill set loose, he also calls for government control of the marketplace. He even clamors for government eradication of the specific injustices he loathes. Himmelfarb generalizes:

> *The same liberals who insist upon the largest measure of individual liberty in one area . . . also tend to insist upon the largest measure of social and government controls in other areas—to provide for economic security, racial equality, social justice, environmental protection, and the like.*

What remedy, she asks, is there for the excesses of the heirs of the libertarian Mill? The legacy, too long ignored, of the "other" Mill.

Generalization weakens the justice of some of Himmelfarb's accusations. It may give some readers permission to dismiss Part III of her book as a mild exercise in demonology. Others may find troubling the fact that the examples of abuse of liberty are far more terrible than the examples of liberty's abuse of decency. The Nazi will always be more dangerous than the pornographer. If she had not written about Mill versus the "other" Mill as early as 1962, still others might categorize Part III as another document from that group Peter Steinfels, in the April 12 *Commonweal*, called the New Conservatives:

> *. . . those intellectual leaders, and their followers, who decided, in the face of the turmoil of the late '60s, that the number one problem for the nation was not racism, poverty, or a runaway foreign policy, but the liberal and radical theories and movements which had emerged to explain and alter these conditions.*

Yet *On Liberty and Liberalism* has the great virtue of refusing to nibble at the trivial. It should provoke debate about Himmelfarb's reading of Mill and about her reading of the contemporary use of Mill. Such arguments will con-

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cern one of our most courageous and lucid ancestors; one of our most popular self-images; our vision of the fit integration of the individual and society; and our notion of the value of controversy as a means of ascertaining the truth. That it was a value, Mill never doubted, at least not in *On Liberty*.

Catharine R. Stimpson

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Youth Deferred—II

Expressing a current disenchantment, James Coleman and the other authors of *Youth: Transition to Adulthood* expect little from formal schools with their compulsory nature, their passive definition of the student's role, their assumption that students are in class to learn, not to teach. Yet *Youth*'s vagueness about the alternatives is disquieting. It mentions continuing education for adults, which (it does not note) is taking on new life as more and more people are persuaded that education is a lifelong pursuit. Coleman and his colleagues cite Swedish efforts to promote "recurrent" learning by giving support to alternative periods of work and study. They touch on American efforts in "career" education, which are manfully trying to escape repeating the dreary and ineffectual history of vocational education. They tip their hat to the whole complex realm of work-study, citing cooperative education involving shared time between employers and schools. They note a variety of job training programs without going into any of them. They do not examine any of the efforts in what might be called the human service sectors of the economy—people helping care for others—yet some of the most promising training for new careers is going on here. There are many institutions—hospitals, juvenile asylums, nursing homes, schools themselves—where an emphasis on credentials, efficiency and techniques has gone too far, where many of the problems are human not technical, and where the young could contribute, as both volunteers and as apprentice professionals.

These varied and occasionally lively realms represent the interface between educational institutions and the outside world; they offer concrete examples of the dilemmas, drawbacks and tradeoffs when we swap school environments for those of work. *Youth* ignores this existing practice in part, I suspect, because so much of it goes on in institutions called schools—high schools, junior colleges, colleges. One senses the old disdain of university academics for practical educators. In part, too, the report's neglect rests on its implicit assumption that much of our society is already geared for incidental learning and profitable mutual interchange between adults and the young—if only formal educational institutions would free their prisoners.

In its scholarly, cautious way, *Youth* at times skirts close to the exuberant errors of Ivan Illich and other proponents of deschooling, who sometimes seem to suggest that shutting down schools would be a positive step. Actually, though, all it would do is exchange the inadequate milieu of the schools for the more wretched ones offered by the streets and the job market. Illich and his followers are not interesting, intellectually, because they refuse to examine the complex problems of building and giving sustained support to what they regard as "natural" forms of human association and learning. They simply stand the old, misguided educational utopianism on its head: where we once imagined, naively, that schools could solve all problems, now the deschoolers imagine, with equal naiveté, that schools are the source of all evil. *Youth* is not saying we should close down the schools, but Coleman and his colleagues do share the deschoolers' lack of interest in thinking about crucial, day-to-day problems—the kind of help, for example, adult workers would need in working out apprentice roles for the young.

Youth views adult roles mainly in terms of work; it pays little attention to varieties of learning that do not depend on being on a payroll. *Youth*'s neglect of the potential of intrinsically educational areas, the arts, for example, smacks of anti-intellectuality. For all their rigidities, schools are in a better position than most work institutions to give students opportunities for such purposeful learning as goes on, say, in film crews, research projects, or theater. Had Coleman and his colleagues examined existing educational practice, they might have pondered the grave difficulties the handful of high schools without walls are running into as they try to place students in outside learning settings. Recently I talked with Jan Rakoff, who has been going around the country looking at attempts to expand the world of learning outside schools. What he found was discouraging. Current efforts to break out of the pattern of formal schooling often are essentially miseducative. Sometimes projects are organized simply for fun, rather than for what might be of more lasting value. Everywhere, the deschooling ventures suffer from a lack of adequate guidance and supervision of students and of adults with whom they are placed. Most students do not need the moronic ap-

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paratus of grownup scrutiny they now get in the schools, but they need advice, information, encouragement, which are generally lacking in present-day alternatives to the schools. In most projects, Rakoff reports, there are no ideas on how to build and maintain enduring networks of adults willing and able to take part in the education of the young.

Another set of problems arises in trying to give institutional form to our cultural hunger for the local, the communal, the spontaneous. Educational enterprises that rely on informal arrangements often fail the students who need the most help. Then, too, the less formal human connections are, the more fragile and transitory. These are not arguments against informality, merely a reminder that informality and community need to be balanced by other values, such as universality. The deschoolers often speak as though we must embrace one of two counterpoised principles, when in fact our only realistic option is to live in constant tension between them.

Youth's animus against formal education also leads it to slight the extent to which the world of work as now organized is boring, alienating, and profoundly anti-educational for adult workers. Few adults get a chance to profit from the kind of incidental learning *Youth* rightly prizes. How then will they be able to give such instruction to the young? What Coleman and his colleagues see as a "youth" problem is a reflection of the more general problem: our society is not organized to promote humane values. On occasion *Youth* glimpses this:

> *Introduction of youth into work organizations of the sort we are describing will bring about a loss of efficiency in its central economic activity of producing goods or services . . . It is important that the design of youth's schedule of activities and the implementation be jointly in the hands of management and workers' organizations, if that design is to be appropriate. This mixture of school and work in a work organization is difficult to introduce in American society because schools are in the public sector, while most work is in the private sector, in firms that are subject to market competition.*

The report's discussion of the integration of the young into adult life reminds us, by its vast omissions, of what black Americans have learned since the *Brown* decision: true integration is harder to achieve than desegregation. Perhaps the oddest idea in *Youth* is the notion that mingling adults and young people will lessen conflict between them. Benefits there may be to integration—how the thing is done will be crucial—but there will inevitably be much friction. We don't know how to create opportunities and incentives for the various generations to break out of age-ghettos. It is a subtle and tricky thing to manage.

Everywhere, as people push against the walls of the institutions we have created, they are crying out for more choices, flexibility, a smaller scale. Reformers dealing with schools, mental hospitals and prisons, institutions for juvenile offenders and the retarded are pressing for alternatives, halfway houses and the like. The reformers are right to denounce pathological professionalism and the way many institutions function as human scrap heaps. Yet I don't think it follows that we can dispense with professions, bureaucracies and hierarchies. The deschoolers and anti-institutional reformers are victims of our recurring hunger for earlier and simpler social forms—as Paul Goodman once described them, the sort of people who plug in their electric guitars in order to sing songs denouncing technology. The real issue is whether we can replace the swollen and pathological institution we have with something humane, voluntaristic and pluralistic.

One can anticipate a cycle of reform in which the anti-institutional critique of what exists triumphs in the public mind before workable alternatives are actually established, and the upshot of reform is slashed budgets and fewer services. It is one thing to argue for "alternatives" or "learning networks" if they have something like a public high school's budget, professionalism and long-term political backing. Then we are talking about an institution that will last over time, that can hire professionals to guide students, help them plan work-study and apprentice arrangements, connect them to adults offering educational experiences, supervise them and their adult mentors in placement sites, and think about such mundane matters as transportation. It is quite another, infinitely less convincing thing to speak of alternatives lacking these commitments. Must we build alternative institutions? Generally the political and human costs of innovation in brand-new settings are high. One successful innovation of the '60s—Head Start—was partially discredited because it failed to raise poor children's IQ scores; yet Head Start centers in some communities, operating as federally financed preschools, combined a high degree of professional competence with substantial parent control and participation. In terms of services that satisfy poor clients' educational, nutritional, medical and political needs, Head Start has at times compiled an educational record that many school systems ought to envy. But Head Starts are rare in education. Sometimes it may indeed be necessary to start wholly new institutions—the old ones can be so bound by their rigidities that there is no possibility of change. Nevertheless, difficulties are immense. This point is hard to argue without seeming to condone complacency. Still, it is a risk that must be run, for our critiques of institutions have gotten ever more comprehensive, while our programs for improving them have gotten ever vaguer.

Any solid educational reform must be based on the realities of a particular group of adults and the young they are to teach. What is good in one context may be a bad idea in another. This, among other things, is why educational prescriptions that ignore practitioners are misguided and usually trivial in their effects. The language of "experi-

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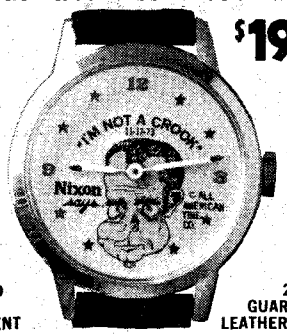

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ments" that still dogs so many of our discussions of educational reform is ludicrous in its false precision. There are no educational "models" that can be mass produced. It is a safe bet that the pilot experiments *Youth* proposes will be decisively limited in each case by the specifics of the youths they serve and the grownups who work in them. It is impossible to think of educational prescriptions that will meet the needs of students of different classes, races, cultural backgrounds and regions. *Youth*'s framework is sociological, yet it is surprisingly unconcerned with social differences within its broad category of "youth." Blacks and minorities, for example, are under few illusions about the present performance of the schools, yet to many, conventional high schools and colleges with good, conventional programs seem to offer more tangible advantages than vague "alternative" programs. Existing institutions, for all their inequalities, offer guarantees against even greater inequality.

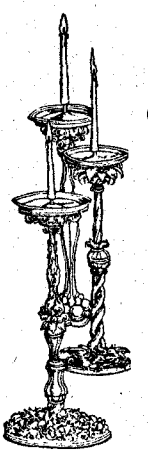
Youth is too reluctant to examine the dilemmas posed by the diversity for which it argues. There is, for instance, a fundamental tension between freedom of choice and greater equality. School integration as the issue is now posed almost invariably means limiting freedom of choice in the name of racial integration. School integration may only be the clearest example of a conflict between diversity and equality that will beset alternative institutions as well as the schools. It may well be that diversity of choices will be easier to get within existing institutions than in new alternatives, which have a way of becoming magnets for the disaffected and lightning rods for outside criticism. Voluntary educational arrangements may be more workable under the legitimizing umbrella of high schools, junior colleges and colleges; and precisely because more variety in education will mean less emphasis on equality, reform ought to take place within institutions that are broadly committed to public and egalitarian goals.

The pursuit of "alternatives" and "options" must center on public education, because that is where the students and the money for educating them are. The fate of private alternative schools like Harlem Prep and the firefly existence of so many of the "free" schools are poignant reminders of institutional necessities. Whether or not we can create decent schools on a mass scale is an open question. For all their manifest faults, schools in the '60s did change in response to new demands: think of school desegregation in the South, community control, paraprofessionalism, classroom reform, the development of open admissions. Of course schools in many places did not change. And true enough, the changes that took place were usually responses to outside pressure. But that is always the case. One reason schools are traditionally a focus of attack is that historic outsiders in our culture—minorities and the poor—know that it is sometimes easier to get concessions in education than elsewhere. Getting a form of community control in Bedford-Stuyvesant—however compromised and inadequate as a solution to the problems of educating poor children—is easier than getting your hands on the Chase Manhattan Bank. Just as politics, for all its corruption by disparate economic power, offers underdogs an occasional lever to pull, so education, for all its rigidities, offers them some purchase on the rest of the social order. This simple political truth has eluded us in recent years partly, I suspect, because there is a surprising degree of force in the old American legend that the private sector is better and more efficient than the public. This double standard of judgment for private and public institutions may not stand scrutiny. The bankrupt Penn Central Railroad serves the needs of a changing society considerably less well than the beleaguered Philadelphia school system.

In thinking about enlisting schools in the creation of informal alternatives, we will have to be more precise about their functions than are the authors of *Youth*. This is not easy, for schools do many things: they baby-sit, teach knowledge, skills and work habits, give jobs to grownups, introduce the young to their peers, and provide them with the wherewithal to break free of family and locale. They also accredit one pool of students for elite careers and assign another pool to less august futures. This latter function is ignored in *Youth*, which sees the segregation of the young clearly enough but does not discuss the function of the schools as sieves for privilege. In the historic context of the inequalities of American life, less academic, more practical, more "relevant" educational offerings have a way of turning into tracks for the underprivileged. As far as I can see, this is a dilemma that faces education whether it continues in its present formal guise or branches out into the less formal networks advocated in *Youth*. Coleman and his colleagues briefly touch on the growing geographical division of American life by class and race, which entails a double kind of isolation for poor and minority students. But they do not anticipate the problems of privilege that less formal institutions are bound to share with formal ones, as long as drastic inequality persists.

What might be called the new, affluent agenda is represented by concerns expressed in *Youth:* the attempt to make life in schools and other institutions more varied and rich. But what of the items left over from an older, unfinished agenda, almost wholly ignored in *Youth*, the most outstanding of which is the struggle of minorities and the poor for basic skills, equality of educational opportunities, and access to credentials and jobs?

The rediscovery of how hard it is to move schools in any direction has tempted many to imagine that if schools cannot save society, then salvation must be found in some other realm. There is of course no single lever to pull. If schools do slowly change for the better, the transformation will be part of a whole series of changes in American



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life. Most of the time educators will be dealing with day-to-day possibilities, not salvation. Some larger perspective on schooling, however, may be useful to all of us. It will make an enormous difference to the vitality of informal alternatives to schooling if they operate in the context of a full employment economy in which the government guarantees jobs to all workers. Historically the opportunity for jobs has been decisive in the ascent from poverty. But full employment also alters the educational picture. The flexibility both adults and the young need to take advantage of informal learning networks, work-study options, apprenticeships, public service work and the like, will only come from full employment. During World War II vocational education, which is normally the sick man of America schooling, came to life, as formal and informal job training programs flourished. Full employment would also help guarantee that new, informal entrées to jobs would not introduce new forms of educational inequality.

A second vantage point on education is offered by a perspective on the family. The most puzzling omission in *Youth*'s exploration of alternative paths to adulthood is any discussion of what it means to be an adult. There is little about the changing roles of men and women, next to nothing about the family, and nothing about the old. One can applaud *Youth*'s proposals for informal alternative institutions and still argue that an essential part of sound policy toward the young will be giving more support to the most durable informal educational institution of all, the family. After all, a sensible reading of the situation *Youth* describes—the isolation of the young in impersonal institutions—would be that American families are not getting enough support for child rearing. There is little sense in *Youth* of the intimate connection between men and women in families in the economy, and patterns of relationships between adults and children. American youth does spend too much time isolated from adults, but what they are and what they become is still in some important part a product of interaction with parents. It is idle to focus on changing the estate of the young without thinking of changes in the estate of the mature. The "youth problem" is an "adult problem" as well, for the chances of ending the isolation of the young hinge on whether there can be changes in the relationship of adult men and women to work, families and leisure. If the young are constrained by inflexible school schedules, the mature are hemmed in by job schedules. As long as the amount of time adults have to spend with the young is not theirs to decide it is unconvincing to speak of the incidental learning grown-ups have to offer. And it is probably true that adults will only want to spend more time with other people's children if they have more time to spend with their own families.

Recently Michael Young and Peter Willmott have argued in their brilliant book, *The Symmetrical Family*, that far from becoming less important in advanced industrial societies, the family is becoming more important as a unit of leisure and consumption. They point to a trend toward wives and husbands sharing both work and child-rearing. So far, they concede, this is happening mainly in families that are much better off than average. They also acknowledge real strains on the family: professionals in crack jobs spend more time at work and in forms of leisure that do not involve the family; and many more women of all social classes are working, including the mothers of very small children. As Young and Willmott put it, the technology that has revived the family and brought couples back into their homes may, in alliance with feminism and a heightened professionalism, take them out again. Certainly as women's aspiration for work increases, there will have to be substantial changes before "symmetry" ceases to mean the unsatisfactory East European formula of one job for husbands and two jobs for wives. Yet Young and Willmott are right to remind us both of the family's persistence as an institution, and the continuing widespread preference for it as a pattern for rearing the young. Support for families, they say, would mean policies that deliberately attempted to redress the current imbalance between support for work and support for spending time with the young. It would mean much more part-time work for men and women, more work at home, and more leisure. All of this will be costly, as Young and Willmott point out. People's margins for maneuvering free of economic constraints will increase if society's productive capacity grows, and we can generate full employment. Young and Willmott compare the advanced societies to a marching column. At the head of the column, the rich face a whole new set of social issues brought about by affluence, while the poor in the rear ranks are still struggling for their rights to a larger share of the wealth. The length of the distance between the head of the column and its rear must be shortened, they say. Present roles of men and women and their relations with the young are unlikely to change unless society's predominantly economic values can be reversed, and unless there is a diminished appetite for inequality on the part of those heading the column.

Discussions of the family are bedeviled by moralistic norms. Just as there is the statistical norm of the American family —Mom, Pop, Sis, Bub—there is also the moral norm, the father at work at the job, the mother at home taking care of the kids, all parties happy in their roles. The moral norm has never done justice to the diversity of family styles; it has overlooked working mothers, female-headed families, families in which fathers contribute substantially to child-rearing, and many other variations on the theme of family living. It is one reason why American families, whatever their make-up, do not get the kind of support they need for child rearing. The norm has also been an agony to those who for their own good reasons find the family and its commitments oppressive. One of the best things the women's liberation movement has done is to publicize the truth that not everybody needs the family.

Yet prophecies of the impending demise of the family and a revolution in patterns of human relationships are not very convincing. Without either new political or religious ideologies to support them, communal modes of child-rearing seem unlikely to spread very far in our society. Part of the recurrent sense of malaise about the family stems from a nostalgic picture of our ancestors clustered in the gregarious warmth of the extended family. The legend is false and historians are now showing that the nuclear family was the norm in Western Europe long before industrialization.

These reminders of the persistence of the family suggest further perspective on *Youth* and its concerns. I agree fully with what it says about the need for

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alternatives in our near-universal system of education up to age 14. Many youths between the ages of 14 and 24 would benefit by leaving their families for work, public service or a stint in self-governed communities for the young. For those in families that are on the skids and in deep trouble, such alternatives would be especially welcome.

Youth's proposals for youth communities are among its vaguest, but it is right in saying there should be many more experimental opportunities for the young to manage their own affairs. (It is mistaken, though, in its notion that the late A.S. Neill's benevolent dictatorship over Summerhill was an exercise in youthful self-government.) Many young people, however, would also profit by spending more time with adults in their own families and neighborhoods.

In the '50s and early '60s, post-Sputnik educational criticism was largely the work of the academy. It was critical of bureaucracy, professions and the educational establishment, all of which were highly vulnerable to criticism. The countercultural and radical critique of schools and colleges in the '60s was also largely a product of the academy and its disaffected graduates and students. It too made telling criticisms, although it was increasingly incoherent when it came to spelling out alternatives. *Youth*'s central, very nearly exclusive emphasis on freedom of choice reflects this largely negative recent history. There are many reasons why academics are all talking about more choice, options, flexibility and the like: the inflexibility of many institutions, the incredible variety of students' interests, needs and talents, the awkward fit of older cultural and academic values with truly mass education, and the breakdown of society's consensus as to what education should be. This is a tangle of complicated historical phenomena. The collapse of the educational consensus as to what the young should learn, for example, will not be set right simply by determined effort. or still less by a return to those educational fundamentals that always look so golden through the dim mist of time. *Youth*'s genuine inability to state what the young should learn mirrors a general confusion; it will hamper all our educational efforts, in informal as well as formal institutions of learning. In the face of this general uncertainty we will probably have to be doubly wary of lapsing into a reductionism that agrees that all students' choices are equally educative. The idea that education should concern itself with what is intrinsically worthwhile has never had much standing in this society, and it needs protecting. The light, anti-intellectual flavor of *Youth*'s educational ideas—often its suggestions boil down to ways of providing the young with jobs, or their moral equivalents—may rouse the chronic Philistinism dormant in American culture and hence in American education.

Youth's narrow set of answers is a start, but does not really do justice to the variety of problems facing American schools and colleges. The tension between diversity and equality strains all institutions. In some, the basic problems involve race and class, and education's participation in the systematic inequalities of American life. In others the problems are quite different—validating intellectual and academic values in the face of egalitarian pressures for mass education. In most, there are problems in getting support for good teaching, which remains a very low priority. It would be a pity if *Youth* signals a further shift in the pendulum of educational concern away from day-to-day teaching practice in schools and colleges. Schools without walls and the like could be adventurous new beginnings in integrating schools and life in communities. It seems to me both more practical and more hopeful, however, to view them as the next, natural step in opening up the education system, rather than as desperate alternatives to the discredited enterprise of formal schooling.

The new insistence that education is not just something that happens to the young in institutions presided over by credentialed professionals is welcome; the search for other paths to growing up is overdue. But unless the searchers are more realistic, ventures in informal education may end up with the same sort of disillusionment that now surrounds the enterprise of formal education, a disillusionment that is no less strong for being unwarranted. Modern psychology has not proved that we are incapable of self-government, any more than research in education has proved that the process of learning is an illusion. In both cases gloom arises from unreal initial expectation, not from some ultimately despairing truths about ourselves.

Joseph Featherstone

This is the second of two review-essays on James Coleman's Youth: Transition to Adulthood. *The first appeared in the August 24 issue of* TNR.

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Edward Zwick on theater

Max Reinhardt Retrospective

The old man shuffled purposefully through the gallery, not even pausing to glance at the exhibits around him. He knew where he was going. He had been there before. A small glass showcase stood in the center of the room. There he stopped and seemed to waver, at last reaching out an unsure hand to steady himself. He stayed that way for a long time, crying softly. Before him lay a yellowed and frayed curtain tassel from Max Reinhardt's Deutsches Theatre, and he remembered. . . .

Only those who remember visit the New York Cultural Center's retrospective commemorating (one year late) the 100th anniversary of Max Reinhardt's birth. They are mainly elderly European emigrés whispering foreign languages as they solemnly file past the collected memorabilia. The hushed tones of their slow procession evoke the singular ambiance of a shrine, one to which they have come to pay their respects to a faraway past.

If not for these aging devotees and the few theater people fortunate enough to have worked with him in his last years of American exile, Max Reinhardt would be all but forgotten in this country—or else remembered only as a spectacle-maker, a P.T. Barnum of the stage. Not that such a reputation is wholly unwarranted. Clearly the man who gutted New York's Century Theater in order to rebuild it, spire for spire, as a Gothic cathedral to house his grandiose passion play, *The Miracle*, deserves the label of "showman." But these extravaganzas, like *The Eternal Road*, an epic drama of Jewish history, or his bizarre Hollywood adventure, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, starring Mickey Rooney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and James Cagney, tend to obscure his substantial contribution to the theater.

Reinhardt's career parallels the emergence of the modern theater. As much as anyone else, perhaps more so because of his personal qualities, he embodies the innovation that most determined its development: that is, the evolution of the director's role from insignificant traffic cop to "regisseur." By the turn of the century the new psychological drama had exceeded the limits of the performing fashions of the day. Playwrights like Ibsen, Strindberg, Chekhov were routinely butchered by the bombastic "virtuoso" school of acting characteristic of the 1800s. They needed instead sensitive interpretation by a man able to translate the complex motivation of written characterizations into believable behavior on the stage.

Reinhardt was such a man. An actor himself, he understood the delicate dynamics of working with a cast: when to lead, when to sit back, how to let his actors make their own mistakes, and how to correct them when they did. A series of taped reminiscences by 20 of Reinhardt's associates recalls this quality in his work. Each memoirist in turn speaks of the love and esteem with which Reinhardt related to his actors. The great acting teacher Stella Adler, having experienced it herself, was reminded of Reinhardt's exacting faith in acting as a craft. She remembered his search for what he called "that certain something that elevates the actor, transforming his actions, otherwise human, into something magical, splendid." Berthold Brecht, another of those who felt themselves immensely influenced by Reinhardt, construed his visionary speech "On Acting" as a "Sermon on the Mount" to the aspiring actor. It was there that Reinhardt portrayed the actor as "man at the farthest borderline between reality and dream, with feet planted firmly in both worlds."

Oskar Kokoschka

And Max Reinhardt himself spanned so many worlds. He conceived of a play as a *Gesamtkunstwerk* (total work of art) and his dramatic experiments included every aspect of theater production: not only in terms of acting where, despite his respect for the integrity of the individual actor, he recognized the primacy of the play over its players by engendering "ensemble" performances, but also in the realm of design. He managed to be at once an architect testing new shapes for the stage and auditorium; a technician responsible for such mechanical innovations as the revolving stage; and a designer concerned with the careful choice and coordination of each fabric for the costumes, each gel for the lights, and each hue of paint for the set. In fact no detail, however minor, could escape what must have seemed a ubiquitous eye. This, when accompanied by boundless energy, often made for friction with those who worked at his side. Richard Strauss was reputed not to have appreciated Reinhardt's suggested rewrites for the music of his opera, *Der Rosenkavelier*.

But if Reinhardt often seemed overbearing with his associates, he was equally demanding of himself. For each individual production, regardless of how many times he had performed a work before, he would create an awesome manuscript called a "Regiebuch" comprised of the text of the play and an exhaustive line-by-line paraphrase of that text, as well as meticulous notes on the directorial means of realizing his vision. Not until this preliminary labor was finished would he call his assistants in for the initial production meeting.

These notebooks are perhaps the most revealing items in the exhibition. Worked and reworked, using as many as four different colors of ink in a seemingly chaotic, near indecipherable yet highly ordered vernacular of stars, arrows and asterisks, they communicate Reinhardt's austere sense of artistic discipline. Even the most banal line of dialogue was first painstakingly broken down into its basic elements of subtext—need and want—and then carefully reconstructed, punctuated not by commas and semicolons, but by

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ideas. All to attain the greatest verisimilitude by duplicating the process of human thought: a process first undertaken by the playwright alone, then passed on by the director to the actor who repeats it anew every evening in his performance.

Reinhardt's performances reflected a perhaps unparalleled union of theoretical conceptions with practical application. Their vitality was rivaled only by their originality. The conception became the star of the show; and for the first time in history a director was called before the curtain to receive the audience's bravos.

He deserved them. His was a career unlike any in the contemporary theater. He fathered the Salzburg festival and personally staged 452 plays whose near 25,000 performances were enjoyed by audiences all over the world. His memory conjures up an era, a day in which the stage was a thrilling world within a world rather than an ugly and boring commercial proposition. In the final gallery of the exhibition, a collection of photographs of Reinhardt's peers emphasizes this contrast. Just as those visitors to the Reinhardt retrospective resemble mourners, so do the names—Emile Jannings, Marlene Dietrich, Helene Thimig, Gustaf Gruendgens, Rudolf Schildkraudt, Ernst Lubitsch, Kurt Weill, Oscar Homolka, Lila Darvas—seem a litany for a dead, or at least a dying art.

But perhaps not. There is, after all, Joseph Papp and his Public Theater and a number of promising smaller ventures across the country. And given the renewed interest in regional theater, it would be sad if the exhibition were not seen beyond New York. At the very least someone should make it into a book. Because in an age in which tradition has become passé or else shamefully confused with nostalgia, Max Reinhardt's example should serve as a reminder of those artistic values whose inheritance should be claimed rather than ignored.

Recent, Notable Fiction

The Kentucky Trace
by Harriette Simpson Arnow

(Knopf; $6.95)

Harriette Simpson Arnow's *The Kentucky Trace: A Novel of the American Revolution* is no blithesome account of the wintering at Valley Forge or the frolic at the Boston Tea Party. From this book emerges a sense that all was not right even then, and that it was fast on its way to becoming very wrong.

Arnow's dark view of American history is not untypical of her work. She holds a depressing vision of what history has done to the people who live through it, people who make up her novels, not her historical studies. In those studies she is objective and enthusiastic about the story of her native region, the Cumberland River Valley. But her novel *Hunter's Horn* gave us the Kentucky mountain folk during the Depression, forlornly struggling to survive and to preserve their traditional life-styles in the face of modern times. In *The Dollmaker* similar people were uprooted and grafted onto the turmoil of wartime Detroit, losing their land, their dignity and their faith in themselves in the process. An America vilified by violent prejudice against communism, foreignness or nonconformity shaped the background for *The Weedkiller's Daughter*, where the nouveau-riche of a Detroit suburb were rapidly succeeding in destroying the world of nature and their children's personalities. According to Arnow America hasn't worked; it foundered at the beginning and has been dragging its people down with it in its death throes.

The main casualty of the Revolutionary era is a man named Leslie Collins, who shares a dismal fate with his friends the Indians and a pessimistic premonition of his country's destiny with his neighbors in the Kentucky backwoods. Already many Indians, he realizes, "had died not for their sins but for the land that belonged to them." As for America's manifest destiny, it is all too manifest. One woodland farmer speculates:

> *Supposen the rebels lose. They'll try again. Supposen they win? How can they ever stick together in one nation? They'll be jarren and fighten around over slavery, trade and a lot of other things. Right now the East don't want the West, and the North is a different world from the South. And they've got Spain on their doorstep. But supposen they do clean out Spain, kill every Indian, plow up every acre a ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific? They'll still have their wars.*

Leslie is fleeing from this prediction when we meet him in *The Kentucky Trace*, but the truth dogs him at every step along his way. Returning home from the bloody battle of Camden, he finds his wife and her child gone. Although tricked into marrying the woman, the daughter of a tavern keeper, and cuckolded by her, although tied by her to a farm in the backwoods "he loved . . . but not for farming," Leslie heads West in search of them, more out of a sense of what he thinks is morally right than by inclination. Traveling westward, he rediscovers his love of the wild and the lure of the frontier. Free of his family who have died, he guides a party back East because he feels an obligation to help fight the Revolution—and because he feels defeated in the dreams of his youth.

The war of Arnow's story is not a cohesive war of independence but a scattered rebellion that "some were calling . . . a revolution. The name didn't matter. . . ." The name doesn't matter, because to Arnow war doesn't mean victory or freedom; it means death. Death at the hands of border ruffians who plunder and destroy, hanging a man on a whim disguised as revolutionary fervor. Death on a battlefield, where a clumsy general orders retreat, death by scalping or starvation under Indian attacks, death in a war where men don't know when they are "meeting friend or foe, at least in the back parts where nobody wears a uniform." Leslie suspects that he has shot his own brother at Camden, his father disinherits his two Loyalist sons. A fore-

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shadowing of the Civil War is not hard to detect.

In Arnow's eyes Americans themselves have ruined their country, from the first seaboard industrialists to the urban fools of the 20th century. Leslie, too, bears the guilt for this destruction. His love of the wilderness is so intense that his conscience almost drives him insane. For he is by profession a surveyor and wields a sextant, an instrument the Indians call a "landstealer." He has counted among his jobs that of surveying for a company that aims to burn large stretches of timberland into charcoal to run the iron furnaces they are building.

The so-called civilized world is that of wars and growing industry. But the wilderness, if not corrupt, is being corrupted. Leslie makes his way through a vanishing Eden, whispering prayers "for the safety of the buffalo; so few were left in these parts"; dreaming of one day reaching the Western sea but knowing that in his wake will come settlers, towns, factories; witnessing not only the passing of the wilderness or of nature itself, but the betrayal of ancient values, a simpler way of life. This is above all an ecological novel set in the American Revolution.

Arnow does understand and convey the romance and the reality of her American landscape with love, and a luster to her words. With the sensibility of the 19th-century landscape painter, and amidst the sweep of nature, stand her tiny figures dwarfed by their surroundings, painted in perspective to show the immenseness of the American landscape.

Celia Betsky

CELIA BETSKY *is on the staff of* The New York Review of Books.

The Hungry Ghosts by Joyce Carol Oates

(Black Sparrow Press; $8.95, $4 paper)

Joyce Carol Oates has written strong novels, but she is best in the short story. Her most characteristic stories read like dreams or nightmares, urgently written in order to release the dreamer. She writes, as she has said, compulsively; and the failure of the poor or partially achieved stories seems the result of haste. But when her stories work, when all the elements come together, the same compulsiveness is present. The perfection seems accidental, even when the stories are structured in labyrinths.

The stories in *The Hungry Ghosts*, attractively brought out by a small California press (but with too many typos), lack the immediacy of Oates' major work. They don't grip us as visions, but some of them are extremely funny, which is surprising, since the awesomely serious Oates hasn't been deliberately funny since *Expensive People* in 1968. These "seven allusive comedies," with titles like "Democracy in America" and "The Birth of Tragedy," are set on and around university campuses. Oates intends them to be satiric, and most of them succeed as satire.

Oates, who in one area of her life is a full-time professor, has written academic stories before; and she can distance them as she can't others. They've always been a world apart from her stories about tabloid sensationalism and sexual obsession. In the typical Oates story wealthy girls go klepto and nympho for their drug addict lovers, or housewives bring their guilty adulteries to peaks of apocalyptic violence. This is the stuff of pulp, but the best Oates is pulp transformed into a unique American vision. Oates' endless expensive cars, lipstick tubes and nervously clutched purses become Kafkaesque emblems of horror. She can be shattering like no other writer—an American primitive.

Oates doesn't charge her academic stories as she does her pulpy visions; but *The Hungry Ghosts* crackles with tension and wit, and its subjects—the foibles of academia and the literati—are tantalizing. "Rewards of Fame" has potentially the richest subject: the poets who try to keep out of debt by signing up for package deals to read their poetry at colleges. In Oates' conception the college poetry reading circuit isn't very different from the old vaudeville circuits that used to squeeze name poets in between dancers and comics. The poets tear each other down and hate themselves because they aren't as popular with students as the McLuhan figures who share the billing. They also hate themselves for succumbing to poetry groupies, who love to get famous poets drunk so they can sleep with them. This is a wonderful satiric idea, one that might move from satire into tragedy. Most of "Rewards of Fame" is very good. But Oates, who brings her poets to the point where some revelation, some event, is needed to illuminate their dilemma, fails to supply the illumination. The story just goes limp, as though Oates lacked the patience to finish it.

Most of the other stories seem finished and amazingly well crafted for Oates, who is rarely a conscious craftsman. Several stories cover the same specific terrain: the English department of the fictional Hilberry University in Southern Ontario (Detroit and America lurk across the lake). "Pilgrims' Progress," which, under another title, appeared in *Playboy* and won an O. Henry Award, is a swift, hard story that focuses on academics who are so unstable outside their scholarship that they are vulnerable to any strong wind that makes them feel committed. Their lives and careers fall apart when they are sucked into radical politics by a charismatic figure.

The two best stories are the funniest. "Up from Slavery" is an audacious treatment of a young black professor who "hastened to put all white people at their ease . . . by emphasizing the scorn he felt for anything 'black' . . . he preferred the more sanitary and middle-class 'Negro.' " Franklin Ambrose has a white wife whom he despises, and he is driven to sleep with his attractive white female students. Had Oates written about Ambrose straight, not satirically, she might have emphasized his sexual desperation and taken it to melodramatic heights, or she might have tied in his black skin's erotic appeal with the hidden death wishes of his young girl students. Instead she turns the tensions into comedy, which she hilariously resolves with a sexual put-down by another faculty member. The laughter is healthy.

"A Descriptive Catalogue," an even funnier story, has a marvelous big scene in which a faculty committee investigates a plagiarism suit brought by a jealous professor against the department's prolific poet-in-residence, who has managed to publish 358 poems by transposing the good poems of dead poets into McKuen-like banalities. The main satiric object is the publish-or-perish threat that looms over professors' heads; but the comedy is rooted equally in Oates' portraits of the investigating committee members, who are precisely caricatured. The caricatures are venomous but not offensive. Caricature seems natural in a campus setting, because academics often see each other

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as caricatures and can spend hours creating verbal cartoons out of their colleagues' idiosyncrasies. The secret of this story's success is that Oates knows how hilarious professional bitchiness can be.

It's good to know that Oates, who comes off so solemnly in interviews, can be funny; and the assuredness with which she controls the stories is gratifying. *The Hungry Ghosts* must have been restful to write and much easier to take than the fictive outbursts of the more familiar Oates, that tawdry Cassandra.

John Alfred Avant

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The Dogs of War by Frederick Forsyth

(Viking; $7.95)

The Dogs of War will remind you of *The Day of the Jackal* (1971) and *The Odessa File* (1972). All three have atmosphere, suspense, hot action. All fit the category of special-agent procedural fiction: *The Odessa File* dealt with the step-by-step efforts of a German journalist to track down the former SS officer who killed his father; the two other works center on a scheme to kill a modern head of state. In his new book, as always, Forsyth both perceives and controls his materials, creates robust characters and describes their acts as news, as adventure, and as expressions of a nation's psyche. He makes the imaginary West African state of Zangaro, from its royal palace to its jungles, live as vividly as he did Paris and Hamburg in his first two fictions.

Forsyth has an amazing curiosity about how things work and, thanks to his discreet selectivity, can bring a situation to life economically. He knows mineralogy, international banking, the arms industry, and the policies governing different border posts and customs points. He can even tell you the name of the body of water dividing Corsica from Sardinia. Best of all he conveys this knowledge as firsthand experience. He understands organized violence, and his remarkably sensory style conveys the dazzle of a signal flare, the snarl and chatter of gunblasts, and the stench of cordite, "the greatest intoxicant smell in the world for mercenaries."

The novel has a complex plot. When a London mining tycoon finds out that a mountain in Zangaro contains several billion dollars worth of platinum, he plots to overthrow Zangaro's ruler, install his own, and thereby gain all mining rights in the state. Preparations for the coup include researching and evaluating the security ringing the ruler, financing the mining operation, and assembling the arms, ammunition and seacraft to negotiate the takeover. To complicate this elaborate plan, Zangaro's ruler has granted a Russian survey team permission to study the republic's mineral deposits; the chief of the mercenaries, Carlo "Cat" Shannon, is having an affair with the mining baron's daughter; and a rival mercenary has put out a killing contract on Shannon. Needless to say, the action of *Dogs of War* never lags.

Nor, miraculously, does detail clog the plot. Regaling us with his expertise, shifting settings freely, and summarizing entire careers in a paragraph, Forsyth plays the omniscient, all-decreeing Victorian novelist. He stands in the center of the action. The control and wisdom he arrogates to himself, though, can't sustain a 400-page novel. Though capable of strengthening a plot, his documentary technique can't constitute one. Shannon hopscotches all over Europe and Africa, negotiating the sale and transfer of weapons, money and uniforms, supervising the crating and loading of his deathly cargo; bribing port officials to grant export licenses. Though each flying stop is essential to the operation, their unbroken succession destroys the opportunity to develop character or idea. Nobody in the book has any psychological depth; nobody changes inwardly. The procedure is the book.

What dwarfs *The Dogs of War* is the shallow working concept of humanity imposed by its mechanical structure. The behavioristic definition of man as a hustler or a sucker stops the action from rising above the immediate issue. It also trivializes the book's cosmopolitanism. An anachronism, *Dogs* reads like a Victorian saga of colonial expansion. The Europeans quash the "natives," and the British outwit the Russians in the Kiplingesque clash of cultures. The confident, strongly cadenced dialogue, bypassing the hesitations and stops of real speech, has an old-fashioned ring. The accidental never threatens the planned; the dogged orderliness of Shannon's timetable controls all. Mishaps only delay Shannon briefly. In five pages he dismantles the plot to murder him.

Dogs ignores family life, sexual relationships and the relation of the individual to society. Extolling the male virtues of physical courage and endurance, it slights women: Forsyth's women are sexual creatures rather than people. Nor does the action ever rise to the human. The closely detailed procedure culminates in gore. Forsyth's obligatory concession to moral goodness hinges on the withholding of key information about his main figure. Failing to test its characters deeply, *Dogs* bypasses too many levels of human response to stand as a novel. Rather its *machismo* elitism, anchored in a bygone world, makes it a programmed commercial entertainment.

Peter Wolfe

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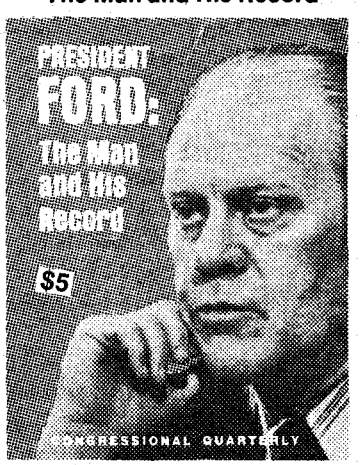

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Napoleon Symphony by Anthony Burgess

(Knopf; $7.95)

Napoleone (Lion of the Valley) Buonaparte was born in Corsica in 1769. The French had just taken the island over, and the Buonapartes had resisted as they had resisted the Genoese earlier; but they soon saw which way the wind blew, and young Napoleone was sent to French military schools, spelled his name less ethnically, and at 16 commenced life as a second lieutenant in the artillery. By then he spoke French fairly well, had a precocious knowledge of warfare, and was remarkably indifferent to orders. Ignoring dead-end assignments and political pitfalls, he wriggled to the fighting (the siege of Toulon in 1793) and suddenly he was on his way: brigadier general in a few months, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Interior the next year, C in C of the French army in Italy the year after that, and commander of the disastrous Egyptian campaign in 1798. Thence exasperated by ambition and Josephine's infidelities, he snuck back to France, stumbled into the coup d'état that ended the Directory, and became first consul at 30. Five years later, at Ron Ziegler's age, with a humbled Pope sitting next to him in Notre Dame, he crowned himself Emperor of the French.

And then the long collapse as he tried to civilize France and conquer Europe at the same time, while all around him his panicking royal neighbors formed coalition after coalition, his brothers and sisters and paid-off generals dragged their feet or rebelled against him, and hundreds of thousands of men died horribly in a series of brilliant and disastrous battles that united all Europe against him and forced him into Spain and Russia. Goya has shown us the Spanish nightmare; perhaps nothing could convey the sickening reality of the Russian campaign. In June of 1812 Napoleon reluctantly set out for Moscow with the largest army in history—450,000 men. By December he had returned hastily to Paris. Behind him straggled that remnant of the Grand Army that had not died in battle, or of wounds, or of disease, or of cold, or (as most did) of hunger—some 50,000 disorganized and shattered men. But the coalitions gave Napoleon no rest, and in less than a year he had raised another army of some 160,000 men. After Leipzig and typhus, about 60,000 remained. They were not enough. In the spring of 1814 Napoleon was exiled to Elba, thoroughly defeated abroad and discredited at home—and yet in less than a year he returned to France, with incredible chutzpah took over the country for an amazing hundred days . . . and then foundered badly at Waterloo, gave himself up to the English and spent his last six years broodily dying on St. Helena.

Then there was his love life. Six years older, with two kids and a string of lovers, Josephine harassed him, charmed him, spent his money and dazzled him with creole passion, but couldn't give him a son. ("Ne sais-tu pas," said one of his soldiers defensively, "que le Petit Caporal a ses couilles dans la tête?") So he divorced her (she fainted at the news, whispering to the servant who carried her offstage "you're holding me too tightly"), and the Emperor of Austria sold his daughter Marie-Louise to him, whistling her home again when Napoleon left for Elba. There were other women too—an emperor is *ipso facto* a great lover—but at least one found him so dull that she used to move her clock's hands ahead while he dallied with her, hoping to make him leave sooner.

Painter John Constable wrote of seeing "one of the grandest natural landscapes in the world, and consequently a scene the most unfit for a picture. It is the business of a painter not to contend with nature . . . but to make something out of nothing." Novelist Anthony Burgess (*Clockwork Orange, The Doctor is Sick, Vision of Battlements, Malayan Trilogy et al.*) has taken on the task of fictionalizing Napoleon. As if this were not enough, he has chosen to model his novel on Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, and to make it a comic novel.

The novel has four movements; a complicated harmonizing of voices, styles and subjects; passages constituting verbal equivalents of Beethoven's music.

Time and fact are also complexly woven. For example, we visit Napoleon and Josephine as they wake after he has told her of his divorce intentions. "She squinted at the clock on the mantelpiece: four-fifty-one, December the something, 1809. He looked at his watch, read four-fifty-one, October the something, 1812. A long day coming for all. A long day coming for all." Time has just folded, as Nabokov might say, making the divorce (14 Dec.) and the retreat from Moscow (19 Oct.) simultaneous disasters. But we must know this already; music explains nothing.

Burgess' Napoleon is often very funny, especially with Josephine. But he is one of history's great mass murderers, even in a comedy.

> My Ogre, though heroic, is grotesque
> [Burgess tells us],
> A sort of essay in the picaresque,
> Who robs and rapes and lies and
> kills in fun
> And does no lasting harm to anyone.

Well, fun's fun. But in Egypt Napoleon found it convenient to execute some 4000 prisoners. It took four days. After the first day they saved bullets by using bayonets. Burgess makes Napoleon dream wistfully of more sophisticated methods, such as gas chambers. (In fact, later in the same campaign Napoleon had some of his own plague-stricken soldiers poisoned.) His violent attempt to unify Europe produced a backlash of irrational patriotism that Burgess also picks up, tracing it back to Luther's *ich kann nichts anders* and forward to the Aryan mystique of the Master Race. Well, Josephine and her kids pounding on Napoleon's bedroom door and screaming, while he sits inside with cotton in his ears, is fine material for comedy; but mass killings, the Master Race, and the terrible crossing of the Berezina are something else; and Burgess must labor to transmute his all too real ogre into a picaresque Punch.

His wand, of course, is words. Burgess is the author of that fine linguistic hattrick, the sentence: "Then, instead of expensive mouthwash, he had breathed on Hogg-Enderby bafflingly (for no banquet would serve, because of the known redolence of onions, onions) onions." He loves words, and allusions too. Here Josephine dallies in a gondola under T.S. Eliot's glum eye (Lights lights"), Wordsworth writes of meeting Napoleon as a pudgy gardener on St. Helena, two soldiers plagiarize *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* a Jamesian sybil quotes Hopkins, Shem the Penman is everywhere, and of course there's lots of fustian, the literary equivalent of bombardment being bombast.

The idea of a symphony about N was suggested to B by ex-sergeant Bellejambe, ex-mistress Désirée's husband, future king of Norway, and future traitor. The idea of a novel about N was suggested to B by Stanley Kubrick, who turned *Clockwork Orange* into cinematic trash. The "Eroica" is grand despite its origin, and the *Napoleon Symphony* is high-class entertainment despite its.

J. D. O'Hara

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Mother's Fault?

The Ultimate Stranger: The Autistic Child by Dr. Carl H. Delacato

(Doubleday; $6.95)

Autism has been classified as a distinct condition for about 30 years, not very long for a disease. People in the mental health professions have been familiar with autism since the 1940s but general public awareness has come more recently (when I tell people that I have worked with autistic children they often mishear and think I've said artistic), largely through books written by parents of autistic children such as Clara Claiborne Park's *The Siege* and Josh Greenfield's *A Child Called Noah*. These books are, for the most part, variations on the same sad and moving story: a child is born to bright, articulate parents—quite often articulate enough to write and get published books about their children. The child's development is slow although he seems healthy enough physically. He is delicately featured, beautiful. But his interest and attention are focused on objects and solitary activity. His behavior is bizarre and repetitive. He has no speech or his speech is limited to monosyllables or to small groups of words that make no sense.

The cause or causes of autism are unknown and few autistic children have much chance of ever living normal lives. Autism's emergence during the heyday of Freudian analysis (previously the condition was lumped with schizophrenia) found investigators looking for causation to the family, particularly the mother's relationship with the infant. That was logical enough inasmuch as autism first manifests itself before the child is two, and up to that time the mother has been the major source of stimulation and society. Bruno Bettelheim is the foremost proponent of the belief that "the precipitating factor in infantile autism is the parent's wish that his child should not exist." The child perceives the mother's unconscious motives as a threat to his existence; paralyzed by fear, he retreats into his own world of things and shuns people.

Bettelheim's approach to treating autistic children, as practiced at the Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago, separates the child from the home where his problem is thought to have originated and surrounds him with supportive affection, warmth and acceptance. The child's anxieties allegedly ease and, contends Bettelheim, he begins to relate to others. Critics of Bettelheim argue that his success rate results not so much from the treatment he advocates as from the criteria he employs in selecting children for admission to his school.

Parents of autistic children understandably are often hostile to his theory of causation. Imagine having a normal-looking child who doesn't talk, doesn't respond to affection and who spends all day collecting bits of string or spinning jar lids or, worse, eating excrement or gnawing his arm to the bone or banging his head until his face is a swollen, bloody pulp. Imagine searching for professional help only to be told that it's all your own fault, that you wished the condition on him. The parent of an autistic child has enough problems without being made the villain. While it is true that some autistic children were not wanted and that some mothers are detached, the parent's rejection of the child may be the result rather than the cause of living with a disturbed child. Children raised in institutions under the most mechanical and impersonal circumstances do not generally become autistic. And parents of autistic children frequently have other normal children. Indeed it is very rare for two autistic children to be found in the same immediate family. If the mother caused autism in one child, why not in the others?

As fashion in the mental health business has veered away from the psychoanalytic approach of Bettelheim and others, so have approaches to ameliorating autism turned to chemotherapy and behavior modification. Drug treatment has had spotty success. Megavitamins (huge doses of various vitamins), stimulants and psychic energizers (ritalin and dexedrine) have been used with controversial results, though these approaches have their advocates. Behavior modification is the current vogue: rewarding desired behaviors and punishing undesired behaviors as they occur. But even "behavior mod" doesn't always work too well. I taught a 19-year-old child who had been in and out of a number of institutions. She had no speech, was not toilet trained, paced aimlessly and banged her head so violently that her parents feared for her life. A helmet was designed for her at Walter Reed Army Medical Center and the National Institutes of Health that administered a harmless but painful electric shock to her arm whenever she banged her head. The aversive stimulus caused her to no longer injure herself, but when the helmet was taken off the head banging returned. Desired new behaviors are hard to establish and they are easily forgotten.

Some researchers, including Bernard Rimland (himself the father of an autistic child) suspect that autistic children experience sensation differently from normal children. In some of these disturbed children senses seem particularly acute or grossly distorted. Much of the child's bizarre behavior can be understood in terms of disordered perception. Carl Delacato, associate director of the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential, theorizes that the autistic child's behavior is a result of his trying to get comprehensible messages from his senses through self-stimulation. He would add "sensory stimulation" to the list of treatments. His book *The Ultimate Stranger* claims striking results. The program he advocates involves little institutional or professional help and therefore is not as expensive as many of the programs available. He enlists parents, the culprits of the psychogenic theory, as their child's therapists. He tells of one child he first saw at the age of three, who understood only a dozen or so words and used only six though not to communicate. He drooled, had severe tantrums, was extremely hyperactive. He spent most of his time finding objects to bang together. The treatment of this child involved three therapists who stimulated the child's senses by rolling him over, somersaulting him, rubbing him with a rough towel. He became calmer after five months and developed a reading vocabulary of 20 words. After 23 months (six hours a day of therapy), the child was essentially a normal five-year-old enjoying mornings in preschool.

Delacato is on the parents' side in the causation debate. Parents are enlisted

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as therapists. He admits to some failures though his case histories are impressive. Still he claims only the ability to bring children to the point where a traditional program for the brain-injured can take over.

In the end the unanswered question of causation may be less important than the successes enjoyed by various treatments, whatever their theoretical basis. It may be true that it doesn't matter why a child becomes autistic. A doctor doesn't need to know how a leg was broken to treat it. Bettelheim, operating on his assumptions, produces results as impressive as those of Delacato employing a contrary theory. The critical aspect of successful therapies seems to be the amount of time devoted by a therapist to a child who needs help. It's too bad that so much professional energy has to be devoted to bickering over who's to blame for autism.

Lewis Stein

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Fine Print

The MacDowell Colony

Doris Grumbach

The prospect of a month alone with one's own writing, scheduleless and without the telephone, the daily newspaper, the disciplining deadline, was scary as Huck would say. I took off to MacDowell, the colony for writers, composers, artists and photographers in Peterborough, New Hampshire, wary of all the promised seclusion, privacy and silence, fearing that, all conditions being idyllic, it would render me unable to put a word to paper.

It did not happen. The colony creates an atmosphere for serious work by its simple routines. It frees its fellows, or "colonists" as they are called, from all day-to-day responsibilities; it provides an atmosphere of work-in-peace. Then at the end of the strictly protected workdays (no fellow may visit another's studio without invitation, and invitations are rarely extended), men and women come together to talk about their work, listen to each other read or play their work, sustain each other's efforts. Everyone on the place, with the exception of an efficient and sympathetic staff, is there for the same purpose: "to dredge," as Marya Mannes wrote of her experience there in 1971, "his heart and mind and instincts to produce a creative entity."

The colony was created by Marian MacDowell as a memorial to her composer-husband, Edward, who died at an early age, 46. They had purchased a 70-acre farm there in 1896. For 50 years after his death Marian MacDowell devoted her considerable energy and all her time to creating the colony and its endowment. She died at 98, leaving a monument to her faith in the creative process. Now the colony consists of 400 acres, has 36 studios (all out of sight and sound of each other) that are sparsely furnished but more than adequate. Mine, named Baetz Studio after Edward MacDowell's nurse in his last years, had a porch where birds and small animals congregated, a fine fireplace where I built fires on cool August mornings, a work table and chair, a cot, a hotplate and a toilet and sink (some studios have picturesque outhouses). Its walls were hung with what are called, for their shape, "tombstones," flat pieces of wood on which past occupants of the studio have inscribed their names, professions, dates of occupancy. An easily intimidated soul might well be put off his stride by his predecessors: Julia Peterkin (1927), Laura and William Rose Benét (separate times of occupancy), Louise Bogan, James Baldwin (1957), John Wain, John Brooks, Ruth Draper, Margaret Widdemer, Lael Tucker Wertenbaker, Gerald Sykes, Jean Garrigue. There are other illustrious names on the walls of others' studios near mine: Leonard Bernstein, Thornton Wilder, Aaron Copeland. All told, 1817 fellows have worked here in the 65 years of the colony's existence. Most memorable entry on one of my tombstones: Corporal Josh Greenfield (ret.) 512 86966 (April-May 1958).

The studios are for work. Some colonists get so involved in what they are doing that they move into them and live there. Living quarters are provided in dormitory-like houses for men and women away from the studios. There is a large central hall (what we used to call the "rec" hall at summer camp years ago) where while I was there the 30 persons in residence gathered in the morning for 7:30 breakfast and in the evening for dinner, and afterward to

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play cut-throat, highly competitive games: cowboy pool, ping-pong, poker. Some evenings poets in residence read their work in the elegant library, while we sat on the floor, drank wine and listened. Another evening we heard tapes of the work of composers at the colony. Some nights we threw our own concerns to the winds, went into town and saw flicks, everything from *Blazing Saddles* and *Chinatown* to the ubiquitous *The Sound of Music*.

On Sundays the grounds and some artists' studios, including the new Graphics Gallery, are open to the public. While I was there a superb graphics artist, Clare Romano, had a show of her prints, and a photographer of note, Mary Ellen Andrews, exhibited her recent work. On another weekend the colony medal for achievement in the arts was awarded during informal ceremonies on the lawn to Walter Piston (who was not well enough to receive it in person). The occasion was celebrated by a large influx of notable visitors, a concert of works by fellows Schuman, Piston and Copeland, performed by a local group of professional musicians, Monadnock Music.

But for most of the time there are no visitors to the colony. No cars cruise the dirt roads that thread through the compound, except the welcome wagon that brings lunch in baskets to the studios. Secluded and separated from town, noise, interruption, the ordinary routines of life, the turmoil of the outside world, it is possible with motivation, if the stars are right, and a run of luck arrives, to do a good deal of sustained work.

My stay came at a good time to witness, in myself and in others, the inevitable pull between the world and one's own work. During those early August days Nixon released the smoking-gun tapes, vacillated, conferred, resigned, left town. Ford took office, made his maiden speeches. Most colonists struggled with their consciences about watching the TV obsessively. Six-thirty dinner was eaten in constant motion from the dining room to the tiny TV room. On the night of the Announcement the whole colony gathered to listen. Resignation was greeted with an impromptu celebration with wine and toasts. The TV, rarely played, stayed on until comment stopped at midnight.

Politics entered this removed and protected place in other ways. Novelist Hans Konigsberger posted a protest to stop the purchase of Gallo wine that the mutual fund for wine had been obtaining for dinners. And Eugene O'Neill biographer Louis Shaeffer sent notes to authors urging action in the interest of their copyrights by writing to their senators to urge them to vote for the passage of the copyright revision bill (S1361), which, among other things, establishes automatic licensing systems for educational and library copying where it exceeds fair use.

As is perhaps inevitable the colony has its financial problems. It has an endowment of a million and a half dollars from which it derives a $50,000 income; but that pays about one-fourth of its annual budget. Some colonists—young artists just starting and established ones down on their luck—cannot pay the modest weekly fee ($35). This contribution to income is minor because in 1973, for example, 41 percent of the fellows (some of whom lived there for four months) paid nothing. Since 1970, with the exception of 1973, MacDowell has received matching grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and for the Humanities. There are also MacDowell clubs all over the US—mostly women's clubs devoted to aiding the arts and thus the colony—whose dues in part come to the colony. The largest, in Oklahoma City, has 400 members.

But nonetheless 1973 was a red year, and the future promises not much more, with inflation—now it costs $30 a day to maintain a fellow who pays five dollars—a growing deficit, the end of grants and dwindling gifts. But, despite the pessimism of published figures, Arthur Levitt, newly elected colony president, reported to the Medal Day assemblage that "the colony is in great shape," and that another National Endowment matching grant was hoped for in the year to come.

Director Conrad Spohnholz, who manages the colony's affairs with a small staff of eight, spends much of his time looking for additional funds. The *Colony Newsletter* recently pointed out that "most giving in the Arts goes for exhibitions and performance, very little is given to support the writer, painter, composer, or sculptor at that moment when he is attempting to create the work that enriches the cultural life of our society."

As I left Baetz Studio, filled with a sense of inadequacy, I added my name to one of the tombstones, put *writer* in the place for occupation and added the date of my stay. With all those ghostly presences looking on from the corners of the room, I devoutly hope so.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

was abducted by the Russians 16 years before the start. Now he is reabducted by the British, for espionage tip-offs, then released to go home to France, where he has to work out his own salvation from the KGB who are tracking him. It's distended, mock-intelligent, debased Hitchcock-Carol Reed, but it does have two remarkable people in it. Lino Ventura, the physicist, has some of the quality of the mature Jean Gabin and Spencer Tracy: a good face that uses reticence to suggest power. All Ventura has to do is to think the right actor's thoughts, which he does, and to show as little as possible, which he does, and the result is one kind of highly effective film acting.

And there is Lea Massari, growing even sexier and more humane in the years since *L'Avventura*. She plays the French wife who has long thought Ventura dead, who has remarried and had a child. He doesn't inform her that he's alive; a friend sees him and tells her. Husband and wife have a scene at a restaurant table, the only time they will meet again in their lives, that is beautiful. Like a similar scene between Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren in a much worse clinker called *Sunflower*, this moment is played by Ventura and Massari with a poignancy that bursts the seams of a trivial film.

For Pete's Sake (Columbia). This is something with Barbra Streisand that's infesting a lot of theaters at the moment. I mention it only because the last time I omitted mention of a comparable Streisand masterwork *(Up the Sandbox!)*, several readers rightly reprimanded me for not warning them. *Achtung*, then—if I'm not too late. This is a farce about a young madcap Brooklyn wife who gets into scrapes trying to raise money for her taxi-driver husband. In the last sequence she is riding a runaway steer through Brooklyn streets. Louise Fazenda would have rejected this script in 1925, but if she hadn't, she would have been funnier—and less vulgar—than Streisand.

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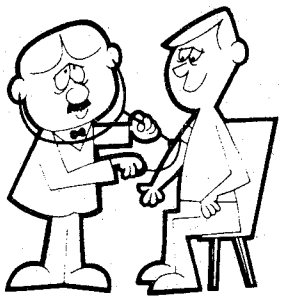

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